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Poetry.

NOTHIN' TO SAY.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!
Girls that's in love, I've noticed, ginerly has their way!
Yer mother did afore you, when her folks objected to me—
Yit here I am, and here you are! and yer mother—where is she?

You look lots like your mother—purty much the same in size;
And same the same complected, and favor about the eyes;
Like her, too, about livin' here, because she couldn't stay;
It'll most seem like you was dead, like her—but I hain't got nothin' to say!

She left you her little Bible—writ yer name across the page—
And left her ear-bobs for you, of you ever come of age;
I've allus kep' 'em and gyarded 'em, but if yer goin' away—
Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!

You don't rikollect her, I reckon? No; you wasn't a year old then!
And now yer—now old sir you? Why, child, I—I—forgot! When!
And yer nex' birthday's in Aprile? and you want to git married that day?
* * * I wisht yer mother was livin' ! but—I hain't got nothin' to say!

Twenty year! and as good a gyurl as parent ever found!
There's a straw hetched onto yer dress there—I'll brush it off—turn round.
(Her mother was jest twenty when us two run away)
Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!

I SHALL FIND REST.

A little farther on—
There will be time—I shall find rest anon:
Thus do we say, while eager youth invites
Young hope to try her wings in wanton flights,
And nimble fancy builds the soul a nest
In some far crag; but soon youth's flame is gone—
Burned rightly out—while we repeat the jest
With smiling countenance I shall find rest
A little farther on.

A little farther on
I shall find rest; half wearily we avow
When noon beats on the dusty field and care
Threats to unjoint our armor, and the glare
Throbs with the pulse of battle, and the heat
Faints for the fitting stars; the frenzied brow
Pains for the laurel more than for the breast
Where Love soft-nestling waits. Not now, not now,
With feverish breath we cry, I shall find rest
A little farther on.

A little farther on
I shall find rest; half sad, half glad we say,
When sorrow's setting cloud blurs out the gleam
Of glory's torch, and to a vanished dream
Love's palace hath been turned, then—all denied,
Despairing, sick at heart—we may not stay
Our weary feet, so lonely then doth seem
This shadow-haunted world. We, so untiest,
Weep not to see the grave which waits its guest;
And feebly round our feet the cool, sweet clay,
We speak the fading world farewell and say:
Not on this side—alas!—I shall find rest
A little farther on.

HER DREAMS.

There are swallows' nests in the old barn eaves,
And the swallows twitter, and flit and fly;
It is the sunset in June, and primrose tints
Are crowning the hills and flooding the sky.

Katie's milking cows in the yard, down there,
And watching with dreamy, welling eyes,
The milk as it falls in the glittering pail,
And the snowy bubbles that gather and rise.

Yet, seeing only the primrose hills
And sky, at the close of a day in June,
A little brown swallow is that flit and fly
In her happy past, so far away.

And a fair girl that leans on the huge old gate,
Watching with face all aglow,
A figure that comes down the rusty road
And stops there at her side to whisper low—

"Shall I fetch the pail?" It is Donald's voice
Calling to her from the self same gate.
She wakes from her dream with a guilty start,
"So, bosse!" she says, then answers him,
"Wait."

He had no part in the dreams she dreamt;
Her past she had buried alone in her woe,
She had made him a true and a careful wife
And he had forgotten long, long ago.

Rarely there comes an evening like this,
With its subtle blending of gold and red;
And is it sin to the living—who can say?—
Sometimes to dream of the long lost dead.

Our Story Teller.

THE GOLDEN CALF.

"He's the incarnation of fat dividends."

"Is he so very rich?"

"Rolling in money—might buy up half the city, they say."

"And really, now I come to look at him, not a bad looking man," murmured the Countess, focussing the gentleman under discussion with a very effective double eyeglass.

"Geraldine, my love, that is Mr. Optimus Codd over there in the doorway."

The beautiful Geraldine turned a very haughty head and gave a scornful little laugh.

"And who, pray, mamma, is Mr. Optimus Codd?"

The young man standing between the two ladies looked steadily at the beautiful young lady in diaphanous white tulle, saying—

"He is the 'Golden Calf' of this year, Lady Geraldine. You will soon know him by sight. He is making his mark in society. He has asked to be presented to you. Lady Umfreville, have I your permission?"

The Countess smiled a gracious consent on Rupert Paulet. She at once absolved this penniless detrimental, who had been hanging about her sacrificial lamb too closely of late, for his past offences. It was such a very desirable matter to get hold of this millionaire stockbroker at an early part of his career.

Mr. Optimus Codd in his own sphere was a man of mark. People in the city pointed at him respectfully as the possessor of untold wealth; but it had only recently entered the mind of this enterprising operator to make an effort to enter fashionable society. This great man—for he was very great in the realms of stocks and "shelves that are always going up and down in Wall street"—had recently purchased a house in Mayfair, where he gave most recherche banquets. He had also contrived to be elected to two or three good clubs. In consequence society was making inquiries about him, and using every endeavor to substantiate the rumors of his enormous wealth. Doors could not be shut upon an absolute millionaire. In exterior life a gentleman who was the object of so many attentions was not at all prepossessing, in spite of Lady Umfreville's charitable verdict. He had a good-natured, fat face, with no salient features, and reddish hair of a refractory nature. His small gray eyes had, however, at times a singularly keen and acute regard. Such eyes might fathom a good deal of humbug. He dressed well and wore no jewelry, bearing the manner and voice of a gentleman. His discretion showed itself in nothing more than in his ability to keep silence about himself and others.

When Mr. Codd slowly made his way across the ballroom toward the striking group near the conservatory he was the object of many regards. After the Honorable Rupert had presented his friend in due form to the absolutely countess and her lovely daughter, he remained a few minutes in conversation with the party, finally offering his arm to convey her ladyship to supper. She gave an anxious backward look toward Lady Geraldine and the handsome young man left near her. It was unavoidable; the only thing to be done was to put her wits together and make the most of the present opportunity.

"You have a box at the opera, I believe, Mr. Codd? We are so anxious to hear Patti on her first night."

This was an audacious opening, but the countess being poor and a widow, never flinched before an attempt of this sort. It was her duty to make use of rich acquaintances.

"I shall be delighted if you will accept my box for that evening," was the natural rejoinder from one unused to impecunious countesses.

Lady Umfreville went away smiling that evening, and thankfully felt that her labor and Geraldine's new dress had not been in vain.

Within a week, Mr. Optimus Codd had been invited to partake of various small—very small—forms of hospitality at Prince's Gate. Little teas and light luncheons might bring young people together quite as advantageously as more costly entertainments. Her ladyship was a skilled matchmaker. Two daughters had already been disposed of in their first season. But this was now Lady Geraldine's second year in the market. She was certainly more difficult to manage than the docile elder sisters had been. Still, Lady Umfreville did not despair of settling her this season. June had only just begun. There was a fourth girl coming in shortly. Lady Margaret was still in the schoolroom, though fully entitled to be emancipated, and she was a spirited young lady who might be more difficult to control than all her predecessors.

"What is he like, Jerry? I mean the city man that every one is talking about. I know mamma thinks you have captivated him. You might bring him up to the schoolroom for my inspection some day. Pretend you want to show him your drawings.

"I should like to see a stock-broker. His name has a very fish-like smell. Fancy being Lady Geraldine Codd! Does he look like a gentleman? Don't you think you had better turn him over to me, Jerry?"

Here the lively Lady Margaret began dancing about the room. "Shan't I have a fine time of it when I come out? I mean to make up for being kept back a year. You see you must be out of the way, Jerry. You are so very good looking."

Lady Geraldine answered smiling: "Do be sensible, Maggie, and I'll tell you all about Mr. Optimus Codd. Well, he's rather fat, and not got any particular expression, but I think he's very good-natured, I really think like him, and if—" A lovely blush rose to her face.

"If you hadn't fallen in love with some one else, and if were quite sure Mr. Optimus Codd didn't want to marry you. Don't you be the least bit gracious to him or he'll say you gave him encouragement. They always do if you are polite. But, Geraldine, I advise you to give up Reggie Paulet. He has got next to nothing, and you can't marry on love."

Lady Geraldine tossed up her pretty head. "You mind your own business, Maggie. You're very disagreeable, and I shan't tell you anything more about any one I meet."

In due course of time Mr. Codd did come to the school-room to inspect Geraldine's drawings. Lady Margaret and an antiquated German governess were reading aloud.

"I hope we are not interrupting, Mr. Codd is very anxious to see my sketches, Fraulein. This is my sister, Mr. Codd."

"How do you do, Mr. Codd? It is very kind of you to come up here. Geraldine has told me all about you. You have such a lovely house and beautiful pictures, and such nice things to eat. I am not 'out' or I should like to come and see it all."

Mr. Codd murmured something vague about next year.

"Jerry is very kind to me, you know, though she will not make haste and get married. If I want particularly to see any of her admirers—you do admire her, of course, or you would not come so often—she always manages to bring them upstairs. Now, Rupert Paulet and I are great friends—isn't he a dear boy? And Lord Strathcellan was very nice, too, till Geraldine refused him and he went off to America, and has been shooting bears ever since. You know I mustn't come down stairs to the drawing-room or be inspected by any young men before my hour has struck. Mamma would faint if I made myself known prematurely. I am to burst suddenly on the fashionable world. Do you admire mamma? Don't you think her clever? Oh, you would say she is clever if you knew my sweet sisters Letitia and Hermione. They are both very stupid and not particularly good-looking—Jerry and I are the best of the lot—yet they both married well, and Letitia is a marchioness. Mamma managed it all. You can't think how dull and pompous my brother-in-law Slateford is! I don't think I should care to be a marchioness."

Mr. Codd appeared much amused by this girlish chatter. The outspoken Lady Margaret had a charming piquante face that made people feel young to look at. Lady Geraldine and the governess returned from the adjoining room with portfolios to find Mr. Codd and Lady Margaret on the best of terms.

Mr. Codd had had no previous conception that aristocratic lips were ever frank and ingenuous, though he was, of course, aware the humanity of a lower degree is candid to a painful degree.

After three weeks or so, Lady Umfreville began to think it time for Mr. Codd to make up his mind. Why did he not propose to Geraldine?

The preliminaries had gone on long enough, and the world's eyes were beginning to fix curiously on the pair. Lady Umfreville had monopolized the wealthy stockbroker too fully escape calumny. The countess thought it might be expedient to give the backward suitor a gentle push. The honor intended for him might seem too great. In a secluded corner at a garden party she opened fire.

"You are evidently not a marrying man, Mr. Codd," she said playfully. "How can you resist the lovely girls you meet daily?"

Mr Codd cast a sharp glance at the lady's smiling face.

"My thoughts have been always given to other matters—more prosaic things, Lady Umfreville. Till lately the idea of matrimony never entered my head."

"Ah! then I suppose you have begun to think of it. Indeed, a man of your position—of your wealth and influence, owes this duty to society. Of course, you are entitled to look for birth and beauty, and I feel sure that any well-brought-up, right-minded girl will appreciate your sterling qualities. I have no son of my own, you know (with a sigh), but I assure you, Mr. Codd, I feel quite a maternal interest in your welfare."

This was rather more than necessary Mr. Codd's little eyes sparkled.

"Pray cease, Lady Umfreville. I am not a man to rate my own merits beneath their worth, but I cannot allow you to speak in those terms."

"I have thought, Mr. Codd," continued the unabashed countess, "that your remarkable modesty might prevent you from aspiring in a direction where your heart may be engaged. Let me offer you encouragement. You remember the old adage 'faint heart never won fair lady'? I think I should like a cup of tea now, Mr. Codd."

The stockbroker's eyes were downcast as he conducted the lady to a marquee. While she sipped her tea she wondered audibly what had become of Geraldine. Finally she sent Mr. Codd in quest of the roving damsel. He presently found her issuing from a secluded shrubbery in company of Rupert Paulet. He smiled at his friend as he declared his mission to Lady Geraldine.

That evening Rupert Paulet dined tete-a-tete with Mr. Codd. When the servants left the room a silence fell between the two men.

"Am I to congratulate you, old fellow?" said Mr. Codd at last.

"My dear Codd, you are the best backer in the world. You may congratulate me; I have won her, and it is all owing to you. You have put the only lucky chance I have ever had in my way. There'll be the deuce to pay with her ladyship of course, but when she knows all there may be extenuating circumstances."

Mr. Codd, getting up from his seat, laid a hand on the younger man's shoulder.

"I was nearly falling in love with her myself in the beginning, Paulet. She is a beautiful creature."

"So I thought—so I was afraid," answered Rupert.

"But I soon saw how it was and it wouldn't have been any good. I can't think how she has bred so true. The mother would sell her soul for money. And that little Lady Margaret—she is charming," here Mr. Codd sighed, "and she is so tired of lords and marquisses." Mr. Codd, throwing back his head, laughed pleasantly.

"Shall I tell the countess all about it tomorrow? I have an appointment with her in the morning."

"If you only would, my dear Codd. You might break it gently. I'm in a mortal funk when I think of facing her."

On the morrow Mr. Codd jumped into a hansom with a cheerful mien and drove down to Prince's gate. Lady Umfreville was of course at home and would receive Mr. Codd in her boudoir. This solicited interview surely boded some good news.

"You are an early visitor," she said, smiling; "I thought you were always in the city at 11 o'clock."

"Not always, Lady Umfreville. And happily I have taken a partner who will relieve me of much responsibility."

"Indeed—a very wise step. A rising young city men, I suppose. If he is a friend of yours, you must bring him here some day."

"No, he is not a city man; but, for all that, he has useful business talents. It is Mr. Paulet. He is a very reliable young fellow, and I have every confidence in him." Lady Umfreville stared at Mr. Codd in undignified amazement.

"Rupert Paulet your partner! He wrote to say he had a communication to make to me. Can it possibly be this? What do his prospects signify to me?"

"A great deal, I fancy. I believe he wishes to marry your daughter."

The lady turned pale. It was clear from this that Mr. Codd had no matrimonial intentions regarding Lady Geraldine.

"My daughter!" she almost screamed, "that penniless man marry my beautiful Geraldine? Never."

"You forget that he has good prospects—that as my partner he is a long way from penniless."

"She has deceived me—I am no match for her," said the countess tragically, as she rang the bell and ordered the servant to summon Lady Geraldine.

The young lady appeared promptly.

"How do you do, Mr. Codd?" and she warmly pressed his hand. "What do you want me for, mamma?"

"I understand from Mr. Codd that Rupert Paulet has proposed to you, and is coming to speak to me on the subject. You have had the audacity to accept him."

"Yes, mamma, but you only understand a part of the truth. You do not understand what part a generous man has played. I owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Codd I can never repay. By his help I am saved from some mercenary marriage, and am able to marry the man I love. I mean to marry Rupert Paulet. You know well enough that he and I have loved each other from childhood, and yet—yet you threw me at Mr. Codd's head. I did not do him justice at first. I could not believe in so much kindness—that he was playing a part for Rupert's sake to shield me from persecution. I admire and respect him beyond all words. He has even deceived you."

These were bitter words, spoken in a tone of scorn that cut home.

"Leave the room instantly. If you marry Rupert Paulet, it will not be with my consent."

Mr. Codd seemed to have something more to say.

"There is another matter of more importance to me personally, Lady Umfreville," he stammered a little. "You have another daughter—she is a charming girl. It is not possible that her affections are already engaged. Have I your permission to pay my addresses to her?"

The countess was dumbfounded.

"Mr. Codd, I am amazed. How have you made her acquaintance? She is yet in the schoolroom."

Mr. Codd explained rather lamely.

Lady Umfreville sighed. This was mitigation of calamity. If Geraldine insisted on marrying Rupert, who was so likely to give assistance as Mr. Codd, if a brother-in-law?

It came to pass at the end of the season that Lady Umfreville's two lovely daughters were given away at the same altar.

"Optimus is a darling," wrote Lady Margaret a month later to her sister. "He is just the sort of husband to suit me. Every one ought to marry a city man. He thinks everything I say and do is right, and is, oh! so generous. He isn't handsome, but then he isn't a bit stupid, and lets me dance with all the best looking men, and when I come back to him I think how stupid they all were, and when I tell him so he looks rather pleased. I'm glad now I didn't come out last season. I'm sure you can't be as happy as I am. I have asked the dull old Fraulein to come and spend a week with us out of gratitude. She never told mamma how Optimus used to meet us in the park. Mamma has given up the house at Prince's gate. She is coming to us for a month next season. She is very fond of Optimus now. She says he is her favorite son-in-law. I think he gives her handsome cheques."

All this was absolutely true; the giving of cheques not the least part of it.

Rupert Paulet goes to the city regularly and prospers exceedingly, yet managing to combine a large amount of pleasure with business. Lady Geraldine is the happiest of wives, and is never haughty toward Mr. Codd nowadays.

A Plunge Without a Bathing Suit.

I was a witness the other day of a scene which I could hardly believe in, if it were reported by anybody less veracious than myself. I was coming into town by one of those several railroads which pass over salt water a short distance from the Boston terminus. It was a hot, muggy morning, and the car was crowded and uncomfortable. Just before we crossed a drawbridge I pressed out to the platform to get a breath of fresh air. The train was going very slowly, the tide was high, and the cool, green water came temptingly near the bottom step of the car. I was just thinking that I would go down to one of the beaches and get a sea-bath, when a young fellow who stood below me crammed his soft felt hat into his pocket, buttoned his coat over a blue flannel shirt, and crying out: "I'm blowed if I won't have a go at it," dove headforemost into the water. As we passed beyond the bridge I looked back and saw that he had risen to the surface and was shaking the water from his head with a grin of delight. I imagine that he sunned himself dry on a wharf, and then pursued his affairs with both body and mind refreshed.—*Boston Post.*

A Chipmunk Surgeon.

The children of James Wainwright, of Taylor street, have a little chipmunk for a pet. Not long ago the animal injured one of its fore feet by becoming entangled in a strand of thread. The inflammation of the foot attracted the attention of Mr. Wainwright, who found that the thread was wound around the member. He cut the thread off, but the wound did not heal, and in a few days the flesh dropped off and left the bones exposed. The little animal went to work then and did a most remarkable thing. He bit off or amputated the foot at what would correspond to the wrist joint. In the course of a few days the bone still remained uncovered because no provision had been made for a flap of the flesh to cover it. The chipmunk then displayed a wonderful knowledge of surgery. With his nose he turned back the flesh and bit off a piece of the bone above the end of the flesh so that it projected beyond the bone. In two weeks it had healed up and looks as perfect as if a surgeon had done the work.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

One Peculiarity of the Insane.

"One of the peculiar freaks of insanity, said Keeper Henry Moest, of the Erie county almshouse, "is the seeming reversal of natural tendencies. For example, we have in the male wards fine collections of potted plants and climbing vines, which grow so luxuriantly that they curtain the windows. The men tend these carefully, pinck away the dead leaves, stir up the dirt in the pots, prune the vines, keep them carefully watered and in divers other ways manifest the tenderest watchfulness. Not so with the women. Every attempt to introduce plants and vines as a feature of the female wards, save in the cottage where the convalescents are confined, has proved a flat failure. The women pull out the plants by the roots, tear down the vines and manifest other destructive tendencies entirely at variance with the nature of the sex in general."—*Boston Transcript.*

A Careful Father.

The meanest man has been rediscovered. He is a farmer, and has a son upon whom he daily seeks to impress the importance of economy. The other morning the boy was busily engaged at a game of base ball. The old gentleman strolled over to where the game was going on and surveyed the proceedings with considerable interest. At length his son went to the bat, and worked with all the zeal of a young enthusiast over the national game. After a prodigious lunge for first base the lad's father called out, "Jeremiah, you jist stop that air right this minit."

"What for, pap? asked the boy, whispering; "I wan't doing no harm."

"Yes, you was. There you be exertin' and exertin' yourself all for no good, and the fust think ye know yer muscles'll develop, tell next year yer close'll be too small fer ye."

Where Most of Them Ought to Go.

Minister's wife, packing the trunk for vacation—"Now dear, give me all the heavy articles first, as I want to put them in the bottom of the trunk."

Minister—"All right. Oh, by the way, here are my sermons, which I am going to take along; where will you put them?"

Wife—"Well, I guess I'll put them in the bottom."

Lost His Bearings.

Muddled Gent—Say, officer (hic) do you know where John Williams lives?

Officer—Why, you are John Williams yourself!

Muddled Gent—Yes, I know (hic), but where does John Williams live?

Humor.

A PROUD SPIRIT BROKEN.

He Could Stand It All but the Sale of the Dog.

A Dakota settler who had had bad luck financially was finally taken sick. A friend called to see him and said to his wife:

"I was surprised to hear of your husband's sickness—I thought he was remarkably strong and healthy."

"Yes, John was always very healthy, but he got so discouraged at last that it jes' made him sick."

"But he was always of such a cheerful and buoyant disposition I never expected to see him give up this way."

"Yes, John was always mighty gritty. When the barn burnt up an' killed the new team he never said a word, but jes' braced up an' built another barn an' got another team."

"Yes, I remember he did."

"Then when the house burnt he didn't complain a bit, but went to living in a tent jes' as cheerful."

"I know it."

"When the farm was sold on a mortgage an' the children were all took sick John kep' right up as happy as ever."

"Yes, that's so."

"By'n'by the sheriff took the cow an' cook-stove, an' a wagon run over John's foot an' smashed it, but still he didn't 'pear to be a bit discouraged."

"I know he didn't."

"Then our oldest girl run away and married a con-ductor, both our horses died, John got beat on a law-suit an' fell down an' broke his leg. Still he held his head right up an' said he'd come out on top yet."

"Yes; well, what was it that could possibly have occurred to break his spirit and make him sick at last?"

"He had to sell the old black dog for 50 cents to git money to buy flour, an' the man just bought him for his hide an' nothing else an' we know it! Just as soon as John saw the man tie old Tige under the wagon he come right in and throwed himself on the bed an' says he: 'Samanthy, that's too much to stand—I wont never git up off'n this bed a live man!' I reckon I wont be long follerin' him—you orter seen the way old Tige could take a hog by the ear an' swing it right around in a circle!"—*Dakota Bell.*

Giving the Parson a Few Points.

A young man who recently graduated from an Eastern theological school went out to Murray, in the Coeur d'Alene country, to take charge of a church. The largest building hall in town was cleared for his accommodation the first Sunday, one table on which Spanish monte was usually dealt being left for him to stand behind. A large stock register book was laid on this, which was supposed to represent the Bible. The whole town turned out and the young divine preached a powerful sermon, in it he strongly with pronounced gambling, horse-racing, drinking and profanity. That afternoon he was called on by a committee of leading citizens, one of whom said:

"Pardner, "thar's a little matter we'd like to talk over with ye. I am the chairman uv the vigilance committee."

"Is it possible?"

"Mighty possible, Captain, the cussedest poss'ble thing you ever seed. Wot we come here to say is, that we don't approve o' your preachin'."

"I am very sorry that such is the case, but I can't see how I can change it."

"Can't, hey? Well, I reckon you'll hev to. Ye've got to let up on hollerin' agin gamblin' an' horseracin' and swearin' an' likker. Them things air all 'lowable here, an' air highly reckermended by the leadin' citizens, and the clergy has got 'er fall in-ter line. As a committee we moseyed up here to warn ye, and' 'tain't our style to warn more'n once."

"But, my dear sir, what can I preach against? I must denounce something."

"What ye can preach agin? Well, I sw'ar! Hain't there wickedness 'nough in this country 'thout goin' outer yer way to jump onter sich things? Preach agin' hoss stealing and jumping mineral claims, uv course. Rip 'em up the back an' tramp on 'em. Then there's original sin—tech that up once in while. Jes' confine yerself to these things and the boys will jes' crowd in to hear an' cheer yer every time yer make a good p'int."

A Test Case.

Omaha *Herald:* Smith—Say, Jones, can a man get drunk on beer?

Jones—I don't know. Let's try. Waiter, two beers.

Smith—Yum, yum! I could drink that all night. Waiter, two beers.

Jones—Of course; so could I, and be clear as a bell. Waiter, two beers.

Smith—Why, I am just beginning to get thirsty. We'll try two more. Hi, there, waiter, two.

Jones—Good stuff. Makes a man bright. Lesh have a couple more.

Smith—All right, Jonesy, jus you shay. Now have some with me.

Jones—No, shir, 'smy turn. I'm a gentle (hic) man, I am, and pay my share.

Smith—I shay 'smy turn. You mus' be drunk.

Jones—Any man says I'm (hic) drunk 'shlar. Only drank little beer. Can't get full'n beer.

Smith—Thash so, Jones. Not possible. Perfectly redic(hic)ulous.

Jones—Nex' feller shays man can get drunk on beer jus shend 'm (hic) to me.

A Western Boom.

Omaha Man—"What is the population of your town?"

Boom City Man—"Five thousand."

"Well, well; that's wonderful. Any fine business blocks yet?"

"No, we ain't got that far. We live in tents, mostly."

"I shouldn't think the women would like that."

"No women there yet. We have ten big tents and sleep about one hundred men to a tent."

"That only makes a thousand."

"Yes, that's so; one thousand men. But in estimating population you know it is always necessary to multiply the number of men by five."—*Omaha World.*

Why He Sent His Son to Europe.

American father—"Yes, I have a son; but he is in Europe."

Old-time patriot—"I beg your pardon, sir; but it is a shame for an American youth, born in a land of liberty, the inheritor of freedom, bequeathed to him by dying ancestors on the battle-fields of the revolution, to fritter away his best years in Europe."

"I sent him there to learn a trade. The apprentice system is no longer allowed in this country, you know."

"I see, but he will come back with no knowledge of American institutions."

"So much the better. Then he can pass himself off for a foreign-born citizen, and get elected to an office."—*Omaha World.*

It Wasn't.

He sat on the curbstone in front of the City hall, in the full glare of the noonday sun, with the thermometer seeming to mark 400 degrees. A pedestrian, who carried an umbrella in one hand and a handkerchief in the other, thought to joke him a little, and called out:

"Well, is this hot enough for you?"

"No, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Good land! but why not?"

"Because I've got the Canady ager, and this is just the time for my chill. Say, is there any hotter place than this in Detroit?"

When his black little fists were being scrubbed, he cried: "Look out, you'll break my fingers off the hinges!"

How the Discussion Ended.

A Washington man tells of a quarrel between two negro boys. The larger boy with great volubility was applying every sort of abusive epithet. The younger boy, leaning against a fence and steadily regarding the speaker with a sullen scowl, waited for a halt. At last it came.

"Is you done?"

"Yes, I is done."

Then slowly and coolly the younger said: "All dem dings you say I is, you is dem."

Shocking Revelation.

"Where did you get all those buttons?" asked a lady of a little boy who had a thousand or more on a string.

"Why," was the reply, "don't you know pa is a minister?"

"Yes," returned the lady, "but what has that got to do with it?"

"Everything," said the boy; "because he has the sorting of the collection basket."—*Epoch.*

In Boston.

Boston Mother—Then you have concluded to marry James, Clara?

Daughter (a school ma'am)—Yes, ma, James will soon be master and we think it will be an economical measure for us to get married.

M.—Where does the economy come in?

D.—Well, we both wear the same sized spectacles.

A LAUGH FOR EVERYBODY.

Plenty of Fun in this World if People Would Only Look for it.

SHE WAS STILL THERE.

"And so your father has gone to a missionary station?"

"Yes; we are quite alone now."

"Don't you miss the directing hand of your household?"

"Oh, mother didn't go!"—*Tid Bits.*

AN UNFORTUNATE FAILING.

Wife—"John, why didn't you wake me up last night during the fire on the next block?"

Husband—"It didn't amount to much."

Wife—"Well, the next time I wish you would let me know it; you know I can't sleep if there is a fire anywhere near."—*Tid Bits.*

CONSCIENCE AND SENSE.

New spirit—I was not a very good man in early life, but I tried to make up for it in later years.

St. Peter—I don't find anything in the records against you.

N. S.—In early life a railroad company made a mistake in weighing my goods and only charged me half freight, and I never said a word about it. Some years ago my conscience troubled me so that I sent the company the rest of the money due it.

S. P.—Was it one of those companies which go into pools with parallel lines?

N. S.—Yes, sire.

S. P.—Enter, sir, and turn into that avenue to the right.

N. S.—Thanks, sire. Where does it lead?

S. P.—To the celestial asylum for imbeciles.

AN EASY ONE.

"The man I want you to arrest says he is dangerous."

"I think I and the deputy can take him," replied the sheriff.

"He says he killed six men back in Wisconsin."

"Oh, well, I can fetch him in alone if he says that."

"But he tells everybody he sees that he has killed five sheriffs since he has been in the territory, and that he never was arrested."

"Yes, I see, I haven't any time for him—I'll send my boy out after him when he comes from school—I've got to stay at home and hoe in the garden."

JUST WHAT HE WANTED.

Stranger—Got any rooms to let?

Summer hotel clerk—Yes, sir. Quiet and away from the rest of the house?

Stranger—That's about what I want.

Clerk—I think I know the gentleman to the cupola.—*Tid Bits.*

HE HAD READ THE PAPERS.

Gunnison (rural Justice of the Peace)—Mixley invited me to dine with him tonight at Delmonico's.

McCodd—You accepted, of course?

Gunnison—Well, no. You see, he is from St. Louis, and from the style they have there of issuing invitations, I was afraid of being sold. I do not care for myself, of course, but I cannot afford to imperil the dignity of my office.

SICK OF KANSAS.

Returned farmer—No more southern Kansas for me. I've had enough of it.

Eastern man—Grasshoppers?

R. F.—No; heat.

E. M.—I suppose it is rather warm down there?

R. F.—Warm? You see, I thought I'd strike it rich by raising pop-corn for the Northern market, and I planted the hull farm with it.

E. M.—Good idea. Didn't it grow?

R. F.—Grow? Every blessed kernel popped in the ground.—*Tid-Bits.*

A DISINGENUOUS HACK.

Mrs. Cashtied (dissembling—having engaged a conveyance by the hour)—You must come over and take a drive with me, my dear Mrs. Censer. Our new carriage is awfully roomy.

Mrs. Censer (glancing at carriage lamp—not to be bamboozled)—Yes, I notice that it's built for a number.

THE RESULT OF JURY FIXING.

Light of his life—George, dear, would you do anything I'd ask of you?

George—You know I would, darling. What is it, light of my life?

Light of his life—I want you to become a criminal.

George—What crime, dearest, could I commit to make you happy?

Light of his life—Embracery. (The crime is accomplished.)

ENOUGH FOR TWO.

Female—How much on that letter, please?

Stamp clerk—Two cents.

Female—Give me a four-cent stamp. I have requested the gentleman to send me an answer by mail.

GOT IT DOWN FINE.

"What have you got to say to the charge?" asked the judge.

"The officer was mistaken, your honor. I wasn't drunk. I never get drunk. I've got this drinking down fine."

"So have I, and the fine is ten dollars. Next!"—*Texas Siftings.*

IN BROOKLYN.

Near-Sighted Stranger—Officer, could you tell me how far I'll have to go to get to the corner of What avenue and Jones street?

Officer (thoughtfully)—N-n-n-no, sir. I've only been on the beat eight months.

BREATHED ONLY.

He—There is something which I have been wanting to ask you for weeks, Estelle, and now, is this almost absolute seclusion, I am going to dare to—

She—Oh, Rudolph, this is so sudden!

He—You'll try to give me a fair answer?

She—Y-yes.

He—Well—hush! There is nobody near—Do you believe that Sharp's lawyers knew he was guilty?—*Tid Bits.*

CULTURE IN THE WEST.

Boston Girl—And there is a good deal of culture in the west, then.

Chicago Girl—Oh, yes; we don't like to boast of it, but when it comes down to the necessity of showing our cult', you bet we're there.

PERILS OF THE FAITH CURE.

Beggar—Give me a nickel, sir?

Pedestrian—Why, ain't you the fellow who had a tin card hanging on your breast yesterday saying you were blind?

Beggar—Er-yes, but I tried the faith cure last night.—*Judge.*

A Bright 5-Year-Old.

A 5-year-old's mamma who lives in Bloomington, Ill., one day read him a story about turtles and their peculiar habits. Not long after she caught him in a white lie, and was beginning to reprimand him. "O," said he, with a guilty look, "I'm awfully an *ghkh*-ious now, ain't I?"

One day in midwinter he was discovered in a corner of the room putting on his papa's big arctic overshoes, and singing at the top of his voice:

Wait till I put on the golden slippers,
To walk up in de golden stairs.

Several times his busy mamma had forgotten to do certain things which she had promised to do; so at last he exclaimed: "Mamma, you forget everything. I guess you've got a hole in your memory!"

A day or two ago he was building a castle with his kindergarten blocks, and the blocks fell down every time. "O, dear me," he complained, "dese blocks won't stay up. I guess dey lazy!"

"How do people die?" the youngster inquired not long ago; "do they just draw their last breath and then choke?"

No Chance to Kick.

"George," said the President of a Virginia railroad to his secretary, "are those pamphlets descriptive of the scenery along our route ready to send out yet?"

"Yes, sir; all ready."

"Very well, George. Have the passenger agents distribute them next week, and the week after I'll change the schedule, so as to have all the trains run through by night."—*Wall Street News.*

No Chance for Friction.

"Why don't you propose to her, Joe?" "Well, I'm half afraid." "She loves you, doesn't she?" "Oh, awfully." "You agree with her father in politics?" "Yes." "And her mother in religion?" "Yes." "And with her brother as to who is the best pitcher?" "Yes." "Then blow me if I can see what you are afraid of."—*Harper's Bazar.*

An Eye to the Main Chance.

Little 2-year-old Robert, at the breakfast table, heard his father and mother exchange the compliments of the morning with their guests until he could stand it no longer, and interrupted them with: "Papa, let me tell my story now. I want some hash."

Miscellany.

THE CHURCH PORCH.

The Minister Wants the Boys There.

There is one of our churches—it won't do, for reasons of state, to tell which church it is—that has an entryway or vestibule, with a flight of stone steps, which is found very convenient by small street urchins, newsboys, and the like to rest in, to gossip in, to fall asleep in sometimes, and—horrible to relate!—to crack peanuts in. The litter of shells left by this juvenile congregation was the occasion of terror and disgust to the honored sexton of the church, a person of rather set notions, who proceeded to take the necessary steps to clear the vestibule of the nuisence, driving the boys away and warning them with dire threats never to come again.

It happened, however, to the sexton's great astonishment that the pastor of the church showed a disposition to side with the boys. He liked to find the little fellows there; he liked to think of the church over which he ministered providing a safe harbor, with nothing in it of evil influence or suggestion for these human waifs. Somehow the old church seemed to be in his mind fulfilling the purpose for which it was designed when it is sheltered from the wind the street boys with its old walls in the winter, or cooled and rested their hot and weary bodies with its dark stones in the summer. The minister talked to them sometimes, and felt that their resorting there gave him a sort of friendly hold upon them.

So he procested with the sexton.

"Couldn't you come around once in a while after the boys have been there and sweep the steps off," the pastor ventured to ask.

Sweep the steps off for the benefit of those young hoodlums! The sexton managed to restrain his emotion, but with difficulty. No; he thought it would be quite impossible for him to keep the steps clear of the rubbish that those boys left there. It was too much to ask, and, as the matter was, the condition of the steps was frequently a scandal to the church. He proposed that a railing or some other means be provided that would effectually shut out the interlopers.

It was the minister's turn to be stubborn. He intimated that the boys should have a chance to come there as long as he remained pastor of the church. He asserted his authority.

The sexton appealed from the decision of the pastor to the governing committee of the church. There the matter was argued; pathos, in spite of the pastor's appeal in the boys' behalf and his insistence that their habit of resorting to the church steps might give him an opportunity to do much good, the committee thought more of the church steps than they did of the boys and decided the dispute in the sexton's favor, instructing him to drive the boys away and take the necessary steps to keep them away.

Then there was a ministerial crisis right away. The pastor appealed the matter to the church. A meeting was held and the question considered in all its bearings. The pastor pleaded the case almost with tears in his eyes, and certainly with humanity in his heart. A powerful party of the day and was triumphantly sustained by the church. And now, it is said, you may find plenty of boys almost any day lingering around the steps or the church, resting and gossipping, but few peanut shells. As the minister's particular friends, they do not betray his confidence in them.—*Boston Transcript.*

LOVE.

Its Diversities and Degrees, as Defined by Tolstoi.

In one of his novels Tolstoi dismisses for the time being the love felt by a young man for a young girl, or *vice versa*—attachments which he says always fill him with disgust—and proceeds to divide love—by which he means love felt by a human creature for other human creatures—into three kinds—elegant love, devoted love and active love. The first he defines as consisting in being enamored of the beauty of the sentiment which one expresses, and in a complacent satisfaction in the expression of it. "In my country," he goes on, "people of a certain class who love in this elegant fashion are not content to speak of it to everybody; they always speak of it in French. It is an absurd and grotesque thing to say, but I am convinced that there have been and are—in a certain circle—many persons, especially women, to whom the love they feel for friends, husband and children would cease the moment it was forbidden to be expressed in French." Devoted love consists, on the other hand, in loving the operation of the sacrifice one makes in behalf of the beloved object without troubling one's self in the least to ascertain whether the beloved object will find him or herself the better or worse for it. This sort of love is analyzed and illustrated with astonishing penetration; the truth with which the author points out the jealousy and the harassing nature of this love being at times almost painful. Thirdly, and finally, active love consists in a vehement desire to satisfy all the needs, wants, caprices, reasonable and unreasonable, of the beloved one. Even the faults of the beloved are dear to those possessed by this love, inasmuch as they furnish further needs to be satisfied. "Such persons," he adds, "rarely express their love in words, and if they do so it is awkwardly and shyly expressed, for they are always afraid of not saying enough; and such was the love which could be read in the eyes, the movements and the words of Sophie Ivanovna." Another acquite observation is made in connection with the inner life of the Nexhiloudof family. "How often it happens that one knows a family for years without being allowed, by the deceptive veil of *les bienseances*, to perceive the true relation of the members of the family, one with the other. The thicker the veil," he continues, "the uglier are the true relations."—*London Society.*

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

**The Summer

HOW THE COLONEL DIED.

An Incident of the Siege of Atlanta, by Wallace P. Reed.

The siege opened, and was progressing in good earnest before the colonel realized it.

Too old for active service, the colonel remained at home with his daughter and his grandchildren, leaving his sons and his son-in-law to represent him in the field.

When the first shell exploded in the city the colonel was at the dinner table.

"That is a shell," he remarked quietly, "and it fell within half a mile of this house."

The children screamed, and their mother turned pale.

"Are we in much danger?" she asked.

"That is a hard question to answer," replied the colonel, "but I do not mind saying that we should prepare for the worst. I have often told you about the shelling of Vera Cruz. We poured a hot fire into the city, but when we entered it, I was surprised to find how few we had killed."

"But, grandpa," said little Tommie, "you did kill some, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes," answered the old man, "quite a number of the citizens were killed. After the surrender I saw blood stains on the walls of my room. It seems that a whole family had been killed there."

At this, Tommie set up a doleful howl, which was swelled by a chorus from the other children.

"But this is nothing," said the colonel, rising from his chair and going to the window. "We must expect a few shells. Possibly there will be a siege, but it cannot last long. You know that our policy is to draw the enemy this way. We want to get the invaders as far as possible from their base of supplies."

"Yes, I see," replied his daughter, thoughtfully; "but don't you think that we have drawn the enemy far enough in this direction?"

"Ah," said the veteran with a smile, "you do not understand the Fabian policy. Now, I—"

"If we lead the Yankees on until they cover the country," said the lady, "it seems to me that they will have the best of it."

"Nonsense!" blurted out the colonel. "You women know nothing of the art of war, and it is well that that you don't. Never make such a remark again. One would think to hear you talk that you were disloyal to the confederacy."

"Of course, you know best," responded the little woman meekly, "it is all a horrible business to me, and I hope that it will soon be over. But how are we to protect ourselves from the shells?"

"Leave that to me," answered the colonel. "My experience at Vera Cruz is worth something. The Mexicans dug pits, with bomb-proof roofs, and the women and children found them very good shelters. I am going to have one dug at once."

In spite of his years—he was just 76—the old gentleman left the room with the brisk step of a man who proposed to take a hand in the defense of the city.

The residence of the colonel was an old-fashioned mansion in a retired quarter of the town. The prospect of a siege created the wildest excitement, and in a short time people could be seen in every direction engaged in digging bomb-proofs.

Under the colonel's instructions a large pit was dug in the shape of an "L." It was not ready for occupation until the following day, but when it was finished its hill-shaped top, covered with alternate layers of clay, cord wood and bar iron, inspired confidence.

For six weeks the little family had to occupy this underground retreat a good portion of the time. Sometimes a rain of shells would arouse them in their slumbers in the house, and all would rush precipitately to the cave.

All except the colonel. The Mexican war veteran showed no alarm. When he went into the dug out he always made it a point to say that he was there merely to keep his daughter and grandchildren from feeling uneasy.

"It is a waste of time to lay siege to this city," he said one day. "Our position is almost impregnable, and in a few days reinforcements will arrive, and we will drive the Yankees. They do not know what is before them. I expect any day to see them completely routed, and most of them will be taken prisoners."

The fire of the besiegers grew hotter and hotter, and the inmates of the colonel's household held no communication whatever with the outside world. Fortunately they were well provisioned, and were able to live in a fairly comfortable way.

Every morning the daily paper, a half sheet printed on wall paper, was thrown over the gate.

The colonel always went himself to pick up this interesting journal. He would not allow a servant to run the risk of encountering a stray shell.

It was a sight to see this white-haired soldier with his gold-headed cane, walking out to get his paper, followed by the admiring but anxious glances of the entire household. Generally he walked with a slow and dignified step, but little Tommie declared that he saw his grandpa one morning dodge a shell, and return to the house at a rapid pace.

"The noise made me a little nervous," explained the colonel. "I was not expecting it, but of course I was not frightened. Not one in a hundred of these shells ever kills a man."

He was always talking hopefully and confidently to the members of his family.

"I see that the Yankees are demoralized and ready to give up the siege," he said one morning at breakfast.

"How do you see it?" asked his daughter.

"Why, it is so stated right here in our paper," replied the old man.

The lady looked for a moment at the narrow strip on which the journal was printed.

"A half sheet was bad enough," she commented, "but that little thing with only a short column of printed matter looks suspicious. What is the matter?"

"Economy," answered the colonel. "Economy is absolutely necessary in a besieged city. And I believe I prefer a paper like this. A great deal of news can be crowded into a column."

There was one thing that the colonel could not resist, even when the shelling was fast and furious. Whenever the Confederates marched in a lot of prisoners it was his custom to stand on the piazza and watch them as long as they were in sight.

"It is strangely quiet," remarked the colonel, one sultry September morning. "I have not heard a gun, and I have not seen anybody passing."

He walked on the piazza and looked at the only visible street.

In the distance he saw a large body of men approaching. He could see the blue and gray uniforms.

"More prisoners!" he shouted. "We captured several hundred yesterday, and it seems that we have got as many more today."

In the back part of the house the little family could hear every word.

"More prisoners!" continued the old man, "and more to come."

Tramp, tramp, tramp!"

The soldiers were passing by the house.

Suddenly the colonel stopped his promenade. Shading his eyes with one hand, he gazed intently up the street.

There could be no doubt about it—the prisoners were dressed in gray, while their guards wore the blue!

The solitary spectator in front of the big mansion stood as still as a stone statue. Surprise, indignation and horror flashed from his eyes.

"It cannot be!" he gasped.

But the long procession continued to march on. Back of it came more men in blue, companies, regiments, brigades and divisions.

It was the triumphant entry of the victorious enemy.

Without a word the colonel sank into an arm-chair, and allowed his grand head, so proudly poised a moment before, to fall forward on his breast.

* * * * * * *

And it was thus that they found him. Attracted by the stirring notes of the "Star Spangled Banner," the children and their mother came to the door.

They gave a little scream of surprise and terror when they saw their enemies, and it flashed upon them that the confederates had abandoned the place in the night.

Then they rushed to their friend and protector. He neither moved nor spoke.

His daughter gently raised his head and uttered a cry of agonized grief.

The colonel was dead!—*Atlanta Constitution.*

No Nondescript Nothings.

One of the visitors to a prominent Boston millinery establishment the other day was a lady who was evidently seeking an article of headgear that was both neat and cheap; but who, thinking it would be derogatory to her dignity to state exactly what she desired, consumed the time and patience of the saleswoman by her inspection of nearly every hat or bonnet in the place. She had one invariable comment as she returned each article to the saleswoman, and that was that it was "too decided," whatever that might be. At length she said, with an air of extreme condescension and in the same unintelligible phraseology: "What I would like to see is one of those nondescript nothings, you know what I mean." The saleswoman had not the remotest idea what she meant, but, disgusted with the trifler and her monotonous comment on what had been shown her, replied irritably, "I am sorry, madam, I cannot suit you; but we neither deal with nor in nondescript nothings; on the contrary, our goods and our patrons are all very decided."

CROMWELL'S FOUR GIRLS.

A Midsummer Idyl of the Hudson Highlands.

Four naughty waitresses.

And though only four they caused as much confusion and as great a racket as the Greek riders of the wooden horse who surreptitiously got into ancient Troy.

They rebelled, got up a strike, were bounced, and finally chased their employer over a country road.

The lesson of the following story is that no man should play the landlord without a landlady to help the help to keep the rules.

Oliver Cromwell keeps a big boarding-house sufficient to accommodate 150 persons on a mountain back of the Hudson Highlands in Orange county. It is situated one mile and a quarter from the Village of Highland Mills. Few lovelier situations could be found for a summer resort. Round about the mountain tops line the sky with graceful curves. Hills are piled upon hills in picturesque confusion, their sloping sides rich with the green foliage of clumps of trees or golden fields of grain. Pretty residences are dotted here and there, looking like dolls' houses in the distance. At the western foot of the hill on which Lake House is perched is a silver lake flashing in the sunlight.

But all has not been peace in this peaceful-looking retreat. There came to Landlord Cromwell a few weeks ago four New York maidens—Rosie, Annie, Mamie and Katie—whose red hands he fondly hoped would be of great service to him. Alas, for the rarity of ready red hands! Instead of getting help, Mr. Cromwell got only hindrance.

The quartet from New York turned out to be four firebrands. These ladies said they were not accustomed to be treated as if they had no rights. They knew their rights, and knowing, dared maintain them. Do you think they were going to get up at 5 o'clock in the morning? Not much. What was the use of summering in the country if they could not enjoy themselves?

Each damsel wanted a bedroom to herself and a maid to wait on her. What was their indignation and horror when they discovered they would have to divide up with the colored help. Words cannot paint it.

They came as chambermaids only, but found they would have to act also as waitresses. They immediately went on strike. Now, Mr. Oliver Cromwell, unlike his famous namesake who chopped off Charles I.'s head, is one of the mildest and most forgiving of men. He looks for all the world like a country parson. He is a small man and has a gentle voice. He tried to emulate the New York quartette, and succeeded. One day the guests were waiting to be served at breakfast. Mr. Cromwell went in search of the dilatory maids. Katie was sitting on a bed debating whether she would make it up or not. She was told to go down and help to wait on the guests.

"Go 'old Noll," said the flippant Katie, "are you bossin' this job, or me? I'm a chambermaid, I am, and doucher fergit it."

"An' I ain't agoin' to wait on anybody," said Rose, popping in from another room, and in a twinkling the other two bobbed up serenely and said ditto.

Oliver Cromwell stole quietly away, and told his Prime Minister, a quiet young lady, to bounce them. Then Rosie, Katie, Mamie and Annie "went for the housekeeper bald-headed," as a native expressed it. "They" wasn't any Jersey cattle, they wan't; they lived in the "fust families" in New York, they did. Oliver Cromwell, with a houseful of people, was yet miserable. The girls "bossed" him all the time.

At last the four firebrands, who were just on the point of demoralizing the rest of the help, packed up their belongings and vacated. They marched off, singing, "We'll hang old Cromwell on a sour apple tree."

They were going back to New York. Before they got as far as the depot, however, they had "fired in several shells"—when had "smiled" as no lady ought to smile. It happened that Mr. Cromwell wanted to go to the postoffice and he drove down in his buggy. Mamie and Katie were singing "Little Sallie Waters, Sitting in the Sun," and the others "St. Patrick Was a Gentleman," when they caught sight of their late employer coming down the road.

They "lay" for him. As he reached them they called him more and harder names than ever the first Oliver Cromwell has been called. Then Rosie let fly her bundle at him. It missed his head, struck a tree, and then the wayfarer could see, as the contents scattered, what kind of hosiery the young ladies wore. Mamie also let go hers with a like failure and a like disastrous result, and all her hairpins and a bottle, that was a smelling bottle, were thrown about in the dust.

Oliver Cromwell whipped up his horse, the four young ladies tucked up their skirts, and there was a race. But the bonfire was the distinguishing feature. As the depot they found the ticket agent, who is a brother of the landlord. The four started in to give him a piece of their mind, and to vow what they would do with "old Noll" when they got him in New York.

"We'll shoot him!" said Rosie.

"We'll roast him!" cried Mamie.

"We'll drown him!" exclaimed Annie.

We'll skin him alive!" shouted Katie.

"Now," said the station agent, "if you think I'm afraid of you four women you're mistaken. If you don't get outside I'll club you out. I'll make you have some respect for the passengers and not tolerate your slang here."

At this their warlike ardor began to cool, but they flounced out of the waiting-room with a parting shot at "Oliver Cromwell, the teetotal old Jerseyman." Just then the New York train came along, and as the ex-chambermaids of rebellious temperament jumped aboard, Highland Mills breathed more freely.—*New York Herald.*

A Family Disturbed.

The Peoria *Transcript* tells this story: On Sunday forenoon Isaac Harkins had finished his breakfast and settled down with the paper to enjoy a pipe and watch the dinner which was cooking on the stove. Suddenly there was a scream—baby had fallen down the cellar. The mother jumped down after her, and sprained her foot, just in time to receive the weight of her husband, who tumbled in on top of her. The party reached the kitchen in time to see a hungry dog making away with the piece of meat that was boiling in the pot. The man kicked at the dog with such success as to upset the pot of boiling water on his foot, just as his wife threw the rolling pin at the same animal, the pin striking her husband just above the eye, glancing from this, demolishing the clock and killing the canary.

The blessed baby crawled around in the hot broth until it scalded itself, the wife went into hysterics, and the balance of the dinner burned up on the stove, while the neighbors ruined the parlor carpet by pouring water on the wife to bring her to consciousness.

A reporter waited on our esteemed fellow townsman. He was eating his Sunday dinner, which was composed of onions and salt, sitting at the table with bandaged foot on another chair, a wet rag wrapped around his head, and the swelling from the damaged eye extending down to his chin bone, but his cheerfulness was unimpaired. He narrated the circumstances as though the thing was of every day occurrence, and then burst out laughing. "Ha! ha, ha!" he gasped. "You would have given a year of your life if you had been here. Great Scott! you ought to have seen that dog run!"

KEEN AS A SURGEON'S KNIFE.

On the Chicago Limited Express, one of those splendid trains that leave New York over two of the great trunk lines of this country and make the dash to the metropolis of the west with such regularity that an elderly gentleman was, a few days ago, seized with a violent attack of asthma. He had been a sufferer for many years and his efforts to breathe were dreadful to witness. A physician was found on the train, but relief seemed impossible. Everything was done for the comfort of the passenger, but he speedily grew worse. His face assumed a livid hue, and it appeared that he had only a few minutes to live. Suddenly a lady in the car seized the porter by the arm, sent him flying to the range in the dining car for boiling water, while from a satchel she drew out one of Drs. Starkey & Palen's Compound Oxygen inhalers. By the time the porter had returned with a salad-bowl filled with boiling water, the lady had the corks out of the bottle, the glass tubes fitted, and, in less time than it requires to tell it, the sufferer was immersed in the heating liquid. A moment more and the ozone began to evolve and the inhaling tube was placed in the sufferer's mouth. He was so exhausted that he could only take the gas in expanding manner, but at the end of a minute his inhalations became more lengthy and regular, and at the end of five minutes the wheezing ceased and he was able to rest easily. Of course the sufferer was greatly weakened, but he had no recurrence of the attack. The entire train rang with praises of Compound Oxygen during the balance of the journey.

Apropos of this case, J. B. Kenyon, a merchant of Sedalia, Mo., writes to Drs. Starkey and Palen, September 11, 1885:

"Your Compound Oxygen has worked wonders with me; has made a new man of me. I have not had an attack of asthma since using it, though I was in very bad shape when I began. I would not do without the 'Compound Oxygen' for ten times its price. On retiring at night I go to sleep at once, and never rested better in my life than I do now. Shall recommend it to all my friends."

A complete and interesting treatise on the cures effected by Compound Oxygen will be sent, postage prepaid, to anyone curious to know its valuable properties. Address Drs. Starkey and Palen, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE ENGAGED GIRL.

Her Conduct Under Such Circumstances.

Society is very much to blame for its readiness to declare an engagement off without sufficient reason, and to circulate rumors prejudicial to the gentleman if an engagement is broken. This has often led to the final disruption of relations which otherwise might have terminated in a happy marriage. Unfortunately in an age of gold, money has become an important factor in modern matrimonial engagements. But plenty of young hearts find each other out, and despite the woes of civilization, the good old fashion of marry for love is not yet extinct. Once engaged the happy couple should avoid all public demonstrations of affection, except that they may walk together arm in arm, and the young lady may drive out with her affianced with a servant behind. She must not, however, go to the opera or theater with him alone; she must have a chaperone if she would consult the prejudices of society.

An engaged girl should not take on airs. Some assume a different manner when they are engaged:

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eye,
Misprizing what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly that to her
All matter else seems weak. She cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endeared.

She has the air of a victorious general who rides into a captured city. Fortunately such conduct is not usual, but it is by no means impossible. She must not, as an engaged girl's conduct towards the family into which she is about to enter should be most amiable and respectful. Some women have but to smile and bow to conquer the world; there are others who must study long and patiently to achieve a good manner. The worst manner is born of a course indifference and a self-sufficient arrogance. Breeding, cultivation and manners come from the heart and mind.

She is the precious daughter-in-law who comes into a family bringing all these as a dowry; who treats her future family with even more circumspect politeness than she does her own; who is so enchanting, so sympathetic, that the family do not wonder that Charles fell in love, and they all welcome the new addition with almost the enthusiasm of a lover.

When an engagement is announced the family of the lover all call on that of the lady. The announcement should come from the mother of the gentleman; as soon as is convenient and proper there should be an invitation extended by the family of the young man to that of the young woman. She then becomes an autocrat; everything is referred to her. She goes out with her future mother-in-law or sisters, and is one of them in fact, if not in name; she can visit them at their house, but she must never travel alone with her lover.

Our language is singularly deficient; we have no word to represent fiance and fiancee. "My daughter's engaged" is a very bad phrase; "my daughter's beau" is old fashioned; "my daughter's young man" is very countrified; "my daughter's lover" is scarcely a proper phrase, so we have to beat about the bush unless we adopt the French word, for the sake of convenience, which we now use.

A fiance gives his fiancee a ring, a diamond generally, or a ruby set with diamonds. He may also give her a sapphire or a turquoise. The etiquette to be observed by a young man toward his future bride may safely be left to the intuitions of his heart.—*Harpers Bazaar.*

NEW STORM SIGNALS

Adopted by the Signal Office, to Go Into Use September 1.

In view of the fact that the resolution of February 9, 1870, under which the Signal service was organized, contemplated the announcement of the probable force as well as the advance of storms, the chief Signal officer has decided to display signals with a view to distinguish between light and severe storms, and with the intention of showing whether the storm-centre has reached or passed the display station, as well as the probable direction from which severe winds are expected.

To adapt the signals to the varying interests of the maritime community, the new system will take into consideration the fact that westerly winds of high velocity with clearing weather are less dangerous than those from easterly quarters with freezing weather.

Along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, and on the Great Lakes, from September 1, 1887, there will be displayed, as storm conditions may demand, day signals of two kinds:

1. Cautionary signal, a yellow flag with a white center, will indicate that the winds expected are not so severe but well-found and sea-worthy vessels can meet them without great danger.

2. A storm signal (now in use), a red flag with a black center, will indicate that the storm is expected to be of more marked violence.

In order to afford the public as exact information as possible regarding the relative position of the storm and the winds expected, two pennants will be displayed:

A red pennant will indicate that the winds are to be easterly, that is, from northeast to *south*, inclusive, and that the storm-centre is approaching.

The white pennant will indicate westerly winds, that is, from northwest to southwest, inclusive, and that the storm-centre has passed.

While it is intended that the pennant shall indicate positively only whether the winds will be east ply or westerly, yet, in order to give still more definite information, the red or easterly pennant will be displayed above the cautionary or storm signal for winds from the northeast quadrant and below for winds from the southeast quadrant.

In like manner, the white pennant, while indicating westerly winds alone, will show by its position above the cautionary or storm signal that northwesterly winds are probable, or by being below that they will be from the southwest quadrant.

In view of the difficulty of varying night signals, they will not distinctively show the force, but indicate the wind-direction only; a red light for easterly winds, and red and white light for westerly winds.

THE CHINESE WALL.

Interesting Description of this Great Engineering Work.

Gen. J. H. Wilson reports the Great Wall of China in fine condition where he examined it, though ruinous in parts. "It is from 25 to 30 feet high, 15 to 20 feet thick, and revetted outside and in with cut granite masonry, laid in regular courses with an excellent mortar of lime and sand. It is surmounted by a battlement of gray burned brick, 18 or 20 inches thick, covered with moss and pierced with crenelated openings for the defenders, whether archers or matchlockmen, to fire through. The rear or inner revetment wall is also furnished with a lower parapet, but it is not crenelated. The top is paved with a double layer of brick about a foot square. The inside of the wall is made of earth and loose stone, well rammed in. Every 200 or 300 yards there is a flanking turret 35 or 40 feet high, projecting beyond and overlooking the face of the wall in both directions, and near each turret is a stone staircase leading down between the walls to a door opening upon the ground in the rear. The most astonishing thing about it is, however, that it climbs straight up the steepest and most rugged mountain sides, courses along their summits, descends into gorges and ravines, and, rising again, skirts the face of almost inaccessible crags, crosses rivers, valleys, and plains in endless succession from one end of the empire to the other—from the sea-shore of the gulf of Pe-Chee-Lee to the desert wastes of Turkestan. No spot is left unguarded or uncovered, and no matter how fierce and active were the wild tribesmen who assailed it, or how innumerable their armies, it is evident that it could, if well defended, defy the world up to the day of gunpowder and artillery. Indeed, it is almost impossible to conceive of its capture, except through treachery or great neglect on the part of those whose duty it should be to defend it. It is laid out in total defiance of the rules of military engineering, and yet the walls are so solid and inaccessible, and the gates so well arranged and defended, that it would puzzle a modern army with a first-class siege train to get through it, if any effort whatever was made for its defense."

Don't Box Children.

Never box a child's ear. Dr. Samuel Sexton reports, in *Science*, 51 cases from his records in which the ear has been injured by blows of the open hand or fist. The nature of the injuries varied considerably. One had inflammation of the ear, with suspicion of intracranial trouble and a running of the ear for twelve years, following a blow upon that organ. This patient subsequently died of brain disease. In another case the ear became inflamed and the hearing very much impaired. In another case the patient was slapped by his father upon the left ear and immediate pain and deafness ensued, with a bloody discharge from which he was three months in recovering.

Tu Quoque.

"Are n't you tired of this vacation, ma?" asked a little fellow.

"I'm tired of the noise you make, that's all."

"And I'm awful tired of the noise you make trying to stop the noise I make."

Honors were easy.

Fall term of Mt. Union College, Mt. Union O., commences Aug. 23. Send for catalogue

THEY CAN BE MADE SICK.

What Dogs are Good For—For the Especial Good of Man.

Dr. B. F. Curtis has been conducting a series of experiments on living animals to ascertain, if possible, the effects of injuries inflicted on and within the abdomen, and the best method of treating them. The animals were dogs. Among other experiments the "buffer accident" was artificially produced. The dog, a large one, was given sufficient ether to be rendered unconscious, and while in this state he was placed on the floor on his back and a weight of six, eight, ten and twelve pounds was dropped on him in different places from various heights to ascertain the amount of force necessary to rupture the internal organs, a matter about which there is much dispute among doctors, most of whom claim that great force is required. After the weights had been dropped the dog was placed on the operating table, given stimulants hypodermically, then cut open and the extent of the injuries noted. The intestines were ruptured in several places, demonstrating that the force required was far less than usually supposed. The rupture was carefully sewed up and the abdominal cavity washed out with an antiseptic solution.

The dog was then taken to the cellar of the building, where Dr. Curtis had arranged a dog hospital, which consisted of a vault in which a number of soap-boxes were arranged along either side, in each of which a dog under treatment was placed and secured by a chain. The animal referred to above was a very sick dog, but pulled through and was made the subject of several more experiments before meeting his death. Almost every possible accident that can occur to the human abdomen was reproduced on the dogs, and every kind of treatment suggested by the most advanced scientific ideas tried. A large number of dogs were made subjects of vivisection, most of them finally losing their lives in the cause of science.—*N. Y. World.*

A Determined Young Woman.

A daintily clad little woman—she was one of the best operators as well as the prettiest—whom I had noticed several times in a down-town type writing office, was missing from her desk the other day. The plump, prosperous looking head of the establishment smoothed down some rebellious reddish-brown locks as he explained, to an accompanying clatter and bang, as if the whole alphabet were out on a spree. "I didn't expect to keep her long," she said. "She came to me a year ago to learn the business, and her mother—she wore diamonds—came with her, half apologizing for the daughter's whim. The two of them wore gowns that turned the heads of the whole office, and looked as if they had money enough and to spare. It turned out when I was in my new apprentice's confidence a little that she was engaged to a law student—an impecunious one—and they wanted to marry as soon as he was admitted to the bar. 'Papa' had absolutely refused his consent, and 'mamma' frowned on the whole thing. So what does my lady do but get permission, without assigning any reason for the freak, to learn type-writing—she is studying shorthand, too—having taken the idea into her head that if she and her law student choose to marry when the time came, she could support the family until the appearance of some fees. They had the knot tied a couple of days ago, the household powers to the contrary notwithstanding, and are taking a week's holiday somewhere down on the shore. She told me she should be ready for work when she came back, and I think she will. She has been earning $7 a week, and is about expert enough to get $10 when that is due. I'm sorry for a while, though I fancy her husband won't leave her here long."—*New York Letter.*

The Hale Family.

Rev. Edward Everett Hale and his effervescent sister, Miss Susan Hale, and his daughter, Ellen Hale, an artist, all live at the Highlands, so far as their "family flights" permit them to live long in any place. They are all fancy chasers. Perhaps that adjective will seem somewhat infelicitous as applied to a clergyman, but it is true. Dr. Hale's spirituality is neither dense nor oppressive. It is full of flash and sparkle, as if he believed with all his heart that God had made a good world, and that he intended man to enjoy it. Dr. Hale's energy is one of the forces that heal. a dozen lives in one—that of the earnest and faithful pastor, the keen, versatile author, the helpful citizen and the philanthropist, to a degree that only the accounts of the recording angel, I suspect, will ever reveal. Dr. Hale is a strong, robust-looking man, with full beard, face and a bright strong eye, with trace of the ecclesiastic in his appearance or manner. His many friends in the South may feel a thrill of sympathy for him when I announce that at last Dr. Hale has a real "double," and whether he will "undo" him or not is a question. This is Edward Everett Hale, jr., who has just prefixed the clerical title to his name, and you may imagine that two Edward Everett Hales are slightly confusing, though by no means redundant. No one would wish to spare either. Miss Susan Hale, the sister of the elder clergyman, and co-author with him in many of his books, is a woman of a wonderfully breezy, racy, effervescent individuality. She is a great traveler, and has explored Mexico and gone over the Rockies. All she knows is all by contact, and endeared herself to a perfectly cosmopolitan circle of friends.—*Boston letter in New Orleans Time-Democrat.*

The Joke Put on the Lawyer.

Leslie Coombs, a great friend of Henry Clay and a popular stump speaker, used to tell a good story about Counselor Higgins. He was exceedingly adroit in defending a prisoner and would sometimes almost laugh down an indictment for a small offence. A fellow (one Smith), being on trial for stealing a turkey, the counselor attempted to give a good-natured turn to the affair. "Why, gentlemen of the jury," said he, "this is really a small affair; I wonder any one would bring such a complaint into court; if we are going on at this rate we shall have business enough on our hands. Why, I recollect when I was at college nothing was more common than to go out foraging. We did not get the poultry too often in the same place, and there was no harm done, no fault found." Notwithstanding this appeal the jury convicted the prisoner. After the court rose one of the jury, a plain old farmer, meeting the counselor, complimented his ingenuity in the defense. "And now, Squire," said he, fixing a knowing look upon him, "I should like to ask you a question. Which road do you take in going home, the upper or the lower?" "The lower," replied the counselor. "Well, then, it don't matter. I was only going to observe that I had better jog along toward home and lock up my chicken coop."

—Pimples, boils, and other humors are liable to appear when the blood gets heated. To cure them take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Useful at Rural Resorts.

Fogg, who has been spending a few days in the country, is thinking about patenting a contrivance of his, called the crow discourager, designed to prevent and abolish the practice of crowing, especially at early dawn, by the gentlemen members of the feathered family of the barnyard. Fogg's device is simple, consisting only of a cord, one end of which is attached to chanticleer's leg, while the other is affixed to the superior section of his bill, which is perforated to receive the string. When a rooster essays to crow he always begins by throwing back his head. When fitted with one of Fogg's Discouragers, it will readily be seen, the bird, in throwing back his head, shuts his mouth whether he will or no, and consequently there is no aperture through which the crow can emerge. Foggs says that before he thought of his Discourager he couldn't get a wink of sleep after 4 o'clock in the morning, but after fitting the fowl with his long-felt want, he slept like an angel and was late at breakfast regularly and habitually. Fogg isn't sure, but he thinks his invention may be so perfected in time as to be applicable to dogs and possibly to babies.—*Boston Transcript.*

Short Hand revolutionized. Taught by mail. Mastered in two months. Write for specimens, &c. W. O. Nelson, St. Louis, Mo.

The Owner Came to the Door.

New Spirit—Who are you?
Trumpet-toned Angel—I am Fortune.
"Fortune, eh? On earth I heard that Fortune knocked once at every man's door. I never saw you, and I died as poor as a church mouse."
"I knocked once at your door, but you were not at home."
"Where was I?"
"At the saloon around the corner."
"Well, why didn't you go there and knock?"
"I went there."
"I did not see you."
"No, but the saloon-keeper did."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

THE story has been told of the man who bet a friend that he could collect a crowd of over a hundred persons upon a street corner within fifteen minutes time, and that without saying a word. The bet was taken, and he won. Going to a place upon a popular thoroughfare, he stopped and gazed earnestly up into the blue sky. First one and then another came along, and seeing his intent look, stopped and did likewise. To anyone who asked a question he shook his head and kept his eyes turned upward. Within the time mentioned, there were, by actual count, considerably more than the hundred, all staring up and trying to see something which it was supposed somebody else had seen. Presently the better quality slipped away, but it was some little time before the whole crowd dispersed.

THIS tendency to swarm is one that can be recognized everywhere, and is taken advantage of by the skillful student of human nature to carry out his own purposes. Only get a current, no matter how small, to set in a given direction, and curiosity will swell it indefinitely. An example of this was seen last winter in the throng which poured out Lagrange street to see the gypsy. Hundreds visited her, not because they had any faith in her prophecies—oh, no—but that so many others had been, and they would like to hear what she would say. That the current setting gypsy-ward was made up of women was not because the masculine part of Toledo was too strong-minded to be drawn into any such thing, but only that the soothsayer refused to receive it. The crowds that nightly gather around the tooth-pulling patent medicine man show that curiosity is as rife in one side of the house as the other.

THE main object is to arrest attention, then to pique curiosity, and the wave starts to flow on until the principle that holds it together is dissipated. The size it attains depends upon circumstances, and the individual who is speculating upon its swelling continuously needs to possess a shrewd judgment that enables him to prevent the magnet from losing its attracting power. Once let a crowd lose its curiosity and it will go to pieces like the "one-hoss shay," but unlike that leaving not a vestige behind to show that it has existed.

THE depressing influence of the continued hot weather is visible wherever one goes, giving everybody a sort of indifferent, don't care appearance, as if what was usually a matter of vital importance, had lost all of its interest. Even the prospcte of a good bargain does not seem to arouse the buyers in the stores, who look at the goods in a listless way that augurs but for any awakening of desire to purchase. And that reminds the salad-server to say that it would be a deed of loving kindness to their neighbors (the latter word taken in the sense that Christ used the term) if those who visit the stores, etc., could time their going and coming so as to take the cars when Philadelphia, on Monday, October 17, 1887. For the badge of the association and the programme address the secretary, Lieut.-Col. John P. Nicholson, 139 South Seventh street, Philadelphia, Pa.

John McLaughlin, of Beechtree, Jefferson county, Pa., writes to find out if it is necessary for him to go in person to Kansas to take up a soldier's claim, or whether he can confer the power of attorney upon some one to do it for him. Will some of our posted comrades give him the information?

We wish to call special attention to "The Blacksmith's Armor," published in the current CAMP FIRE. Comrades will agree with us when we say that such articles are of great interest to old soldiers. We hope to have more of them.

John W. Myers, of Waterville, O., is in favor of service pension. He writes a lengthy narration of narrow escapes in which his uncle, Major Kling, was the hero, but lack of space forbids the publication. The major was charmed evidently for rebel lead and rebel bayonets failed to make an impression on him. He had several hairbreadth escapes in that, and experienced some very lively times.

Was the Cripple an Informer?

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—For the benefit of myself and others, I would make a statement and also an inquiry. While I was in Florence prison I was taken inside the dead line at the gate by Lieut. Barret, preparatory to being taken out. He put me in the boy squad, as I was one of the "kids," as they were called. Barrett told me to sit down, and after I had been sitting there two or three hours the one-legged cripple that went around telling fortunes stepped inside of the dead-line and told the sentry to shoot him. The sentry said: "Get out of that, you d——d cripple. I don't want to kill a dead man." The cripple said: "You dare not, you ——." Then the lieutenant of the guard laid his hand on his revolver and said that if he (the sentry) did not shoot the cripple he would shoot the sentry. The latter shot him in the left jaw, tearing away the whole side of his face, and the charge went into my breast. Now, I was not six feet from him when he fell, and what I want to know is if it is true that the cripple was informing the rebels about the tunnels our boys were digging. That is what I was told he was doing, and the prisoners threatened to hang him, and he said that he would rather be shot by the rebels than hanged by the Yanks. Will some of our comrades tell what they know about it?—A. F. DALTON, Co. C, 122d N. Y. Vols., North Columbia, Nevada county, Col.

An Old Comrade.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—This is my first attempt to answer roll call for many years. I have not been on a French furlough at all, but have been in hearing distance of the CAMP FIRE, and have taken in all the yarns and chat that have been going on. I am not a very good writer, or I would contribute a large bundle of faggots every week. I hope this may reach the eyes of some of my old comrades, and if it does I will contribute often. I see W. D. Crandall, late captain, and A. A. G., M. M. brigade, wants the names of all survivors of the Mississippi ram fleet and of M. M. brigade, of which I was a member of Co. F, M. M. B. steamer B. of Adams. As I have not heard from any of my old comrades for at least sixteen or eighteen years, I would be glad to see their names occasionally in the old reliable BLADE. And while you are stumbling along, don't forget Old Veto in 1888. I hope we will be able to put a hump on his back as big as Adam's barn. We have a fine figure-head at the encampment this fall after all his wolfish kindness to the men that saved this glorious Union? Let me hear from you all.—C. F. RUDOLPH, late private of Co C, 2d Ohio, in three months' service, and Co. A, 17th Ohio, and Co. F, M. M. Brigade, and Co. D, 1st Mo. Lt. Artil.

That Andersonville Spring.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE: J. C. Canton made inquiry in the BLADE of June as to whether a spring of water gushed out of the ground in Andersonville, in a miraculous way. I will say "Yes," for I was there, and drank of the water many a day. I think it was in August, 1864. We had a terrible thunder shower, and the stream became very much swollen, and washed a portion of the stockade away on the north and south sides where the stream passed through the stockade. After the shower, it was discovered that a spring of nice, cool water boiled out of the ground beside the stockade and the dead line. Some of the Johnnies gave us some bark to make a trough with to conduct the water to the dead line, and we had to fall in single file and wait for our turn to get a drink. The line was all night and day waiting to get water. As fast as a cup was filled or a bootleg with a bottom in, or any vessel that would hold water, was filled, some other one would step in place to fill his cup, and so on. The spring was on the north-east side of the line between the dead line and stockade and a godsend to about 35,000 men who were in prison at Andersonville, Ga.—ASA S. CLYNE, late of Co. E., 63d. N. Y. S. V., of the old Irish Brigade, a prisoner nine months.

A Sergeant's Appetite.

Capt. William Rule, a war veteran, now editor of the Knoxville Daily *Journal*, tells the following war reminiscence. One day while the Tennessee troops on the Union side were doing duty in the neighborhood of Cumberland Gap, where they were so closely besieged by the Confederates that rations were running uncomfortably short, a sergeant was sent out with a squad on picket duty. The bill of fare for the day was boiled beans with no accompaniments. The beans were cooked in camp and sent out to the men on picket. There were five or six men on the outpost, and when beans for six men were received by the sergeant, he sate down and every one of them—rations for six men. When the men were relieved they inquired of the sergeant about their dinner, and he frankly told them the facts. They were very angry and threatened to shoot him. He appealed to them and told them how his uncontrollable appetite got away with him, and added, "But, confound it, boys, the beans were so badly burned, you wouldn's have eaten them anyway."

Student Help.

Student help continues to be regarded with as much favor as in times past. Nearly every hotel has more or less of this class. The head waiter at the Sunset House on Sugar Hill is a recent graduate of Dartmouth, who is to begin the study of law this coming autumn. At the Summit House here on Mount Washington, the night watchman and clerk is a divinity student, and in a short time will take a pastorate. The scrub-girl, whose duties are to rise with the sun and clean the hotel office and parlor, was for ten years teacher in the public schools fu England. She is a good musician and an excellent scholar in the languages. French and Latin books are her constant companions when off duty. It is doubtful if you could find the hotel servants of any other locality so intelligent or so ready to supply intelligently every want of the visitors. This is observed by the foreign tourists who come here; but it is to them an anomaly which they can hardly comprehend. Service and ignorance with them go together.—*White Mountain Letter in Burlington Hawkeye.*

The Camp Fire.

(Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.)

For the CAMP FIRE.

GOD KNOWS.

NAOMI M'DONALD PHELPS.

There are graves in Southern valleys where the
Where the birds sing in the morning o'er the
soldiers lonely tombs;
There are graves on Northern hillsides lapped
in the winter's snow,
Who can find the lonely sleepers, but God alone may
know.

It may be your blue-eyed darling, oh, mother,
Who marched at his country's calling, so young,
so brave, so fair;
In the flush of his glad young manhood, he left
you long ago,
If he be the lonely sleeper, there is none but
God may know.

Oh, wife, that mourned the lost one through all
Whose heart is weary waiting, whose eyes are
dimmed with tears.
It may be the one that left you to bravely meet
life foe
In the valley or on the hillside there is none but
God may know.

We only know that they are sleeping, our brave
and gallant dead;

Question Bureau.

Roman Catholic Church.

Taylah, Milford Center, O.:

Will you tell a subscriber all you can about the Roman Catholic church?

The career of the Roman Catholic church in the United States commenced in the year 1633, when Lord Baltimore landed with a number of immigrants near the mouth of the Potomac, in Maryland. He had obtained a charter of the colony of Maryland from Charles I., with the avowed intention of colonizing that province, of which his brother, Lord Baltimore, was to be the governor. The great majority of the immigrants who accompanied these adventurers were Roman Catholics. The first act of the settlers after landing was to erect a large wooden cross on the shore. The religious services of the little church in Maryland began March 25, 1634, when the first mass was celebrated on St. Clements Island, in the Potomac river. While the Roman Catholic church was taking firm root in Maryland, her doctrines and worship were also gradually introduced among the various tribes throughout the original thirteen states and elsewhere on the American continent. From 1634 to 1687 Catholic missionary priests, chiefly Jesuits, were busily engaged in the immense region between Canada and the province of New Orleans. A Jesuit, Claude Allouez, explored the then unknown southern shores of Lake Superior. Another Jesuit, Marquette, discovered the mouth of the Mississippi river. A third, Slovan preached among the Mohawk Indians. Other members of the same order penetrated among the Onondagas, Oneidas, Senecas and the Miamis. During the seventeenth century this quiet and gradual progress continued. Meanwhile Catholic churches were springing into existence in various parts of all the countries of Europe. And Catholic churches, generally small in the beginning, were erected, which were supplied and visited by missionary priests, as often as they were able, who thus administered the rites, and kept up the celebration of the services of the church.

The Roman Catholic religion is pre-eminently a *ritual* one. Forms and ceremonies occupy a prominent place in her public worship, and in her private religious usages. Since the council of Trent, which commenced its sittings in 1545, no change whatever, either in doctrine or in government, has been introduced into the church. The *Decrets* of that memorable assemblage *fossilized* the church, so that no change will ever again occur in anything that concerns faith, or in violation of the rules, which, in her, except it be in words of real genius. The obligation which has been made during many centuries in the doctrinal system, or *credenda* of the church, has been acknowledged by the proclamation of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, which has been promulgated at Rome as one of the established principles of true faith. In every system of religious belief the doctrine concerning God, the Supreme Being, is the foundation of all the rest. Then his works, and then his providence, are the first and fundamental points which are discussed, determined, and adopted. Then in regard to the character of God, the Bible declares, The first point in that concerning God is the Deity, and on this subject she teaches what Protestants term the orthodox view of the divine nature and being. She declares that God is self-existent, eternal, supreme, infinite in wisdom, goodness, justice, immutable, omnipresent, and omnipotent. At the same time she teaches that while there is a unity in the true God, that single being is composed of three separate and distinct persons—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost—who exist together in a mysterious and inexplicable manner, constituting one single essence, yet composed of three divine and separate persons, who perform distinct and distinct functions. She teaches that the second person in the Trinity, the Son, became incarnate from the Father, and that the Holy Spirit, the third person in the Trinity, proceeds by an eternal procession from the Father and Son. She teaches that the Son descended from Heaven to earth, assumed human nature in conjunction with the divine nature of the Infinite; that he taught, suffered, died on the cross, and died for human guilt in order to avert the vengeance of the Deity; that he arose from the dead, and by his actual and habitual religion against the divine law. The Catholic church teaches that the Holy Spirit is the "Comforter" promised by Christ to his disciples, and that the Spirit is sent by the Father in the hearts of the faithful. Next in dignity to the God-head, in the Catholic system, is the Virgin Mary. Innumerable prayers are offered to her as the mother of God and the queen of heaven, and she is looked to in all parts of the world at the same time. Hence we can infer that she is supposed to possess the attribute of omnipresence; that is were vain to pray to her in more places than one at the same time. By a majority of the Protestant denominations this attribute which belongs to the Deity alone is denied to the Virgin Mary, and therefore, the ascription of the Virgin Mary seems like the ascription of power to a portion of the Divinity. Such, however, is not the case. The mother of God and those who are her intercession to this title are answered thus: "Mary was the mother of Christ, was she not?" "Yes." "Christ was God, was he not?" "Yes." "Then, surely, Mary is the mother of God." To this reasoning reply to this reasoning is that Mary was the mother only of Christ's human nature, and, therefore, even though Christ were God, the union of a human and divine nature in Christ does not change the divine nature in the Deity. It would be impossible, utterly impossible, for many reasons, for Mary to have been the mother of Christ's divine nature, because no finite being can give existence to infinite. Human nature is finite, and no more than a pitcher can possibly hold a quart. Moreover, the Catholic church teaches that Christ, as God, created all things; hence he created Mary, and if Mary was the mother of God, she must have given birth to the same creator who created her; and therefore omnipotent being who created her; and therefore Mary is not, and cannot be, the mother of God. She was simply the mother of Christ Jesus. Hence the church, by her highest dogma, declares that only the Catholic Church has decreed the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, and this doctrine is now a portion of the belief of the church. The church in inspired authority of the Scripture is one of the leading tenets of the Catholic church, yet she considers that, though inspired, the Scriptures in themselves insufficient, incomplete and defective; and that the aid of tradition is necessary in order to communicate the whole sense of Christian truth and doctrine. By tradition is meant, the oral teachings and sayings of the apostles. The chief arguments used by Catholics in favor of tradition is, that by the use of it in scripture all sects can prove their tenets, and hardly any two individuals entertain opinions; whereas, tradition is uniform and defends only those doctrines which are held and taught by the Catholic church. The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception is referred to by the church herself as peculiar. She believes in the visible external organization the visible form, the outward crust of religion, which is termed the church. She holds that immediately after the Divine Redeemer ascended into Heaven, the Holy Ghost descended upon the apostles in the form of tongues of fire, and filled them with the gift of tongues, and that the first act performed by the apostles was baptism. Thus it is that the Roman Catholics believe the church entitled to an absolute obedience from her members. She teaches that in matters of faith and morals she is infallible and cannot err. She has seven sacraments, while nearly all other sects have but two. The Catholic sacraments are: Baptism, Confirmation, Penance, Extreme Unction, Holy Order and Matrimony. Catholics believe that the bread or wafer after being consecrated by the priest is the body, blood and divinity of Christ, and that as there are at one single period of time numerous consecrated wafers distributed over various countries of the earth, the body of Christ is divided and subdivided into an infinite number of portions, while at the same time that body remains undivided in heaven. The Sacrament of Penance, or confession, is connected with the duty of confession. Extreme Unction is administered to those about to die. Marriage is a sacrament; meaning thereby that when the contract of marriage is performed by a priest a vow is thereby made before God which cannot be dissolved. The invocation of saints is prominent in Catholic worship. She holds that, if friends on earth pray for each other, it is a reasonable inference that they would continue to do so hereafter in heaven.

Purgatory is an intermediate hell. In this world trivial sins are atoned for and they enter heaven.

Roman Catholic churches are more numerous than any single denomination of Protestants. Her members are increasing with wonderful rapidity. The spirit of the church is aggressive, and her aspirations for extension never cease.

The Thirteen Colonies.

S. E. C., Center Point, Iowa:

Please tell all you can about the settlement of the thirteen colonies.

The first permanent settlement in the colonies was the settlement of Jamestown, Va., by the English in 1607, under Capt. John Smith. Massachusetts was first settled at Plymouth by a company of Puritans from England. They landed December 21, 1620. New York was first settled by the Dutch, who established a colony on Manhattan Island in 1623. They called the city New Amsterdam, but it received the name of New York when taken possession of by the English in 1664. Delaware was first permanently settled by the Swedes, who built a fort near the mouth of Christiana creek in 1638. The Dutch had established a colony before this in 1630, near Lewes, but the Indians had destroyed it. The Swedes continued to lay claim to the country, however, and conquered the Swedish settlements in 1655, and it passed into the hands of the English in 1664. The first settlement in Pennsylvania was also made by the Swedes, who planted a little colony at Chester in 1648. The settlement of the colony proper, however, began in 1681, with a colony sent out by William Penn, who brought another company himself in the following year. Their first settlement was on the site of Philadelphia, this being laid out and named by Penn in 1682. The first settlement in Maryland was in 1634 by Puritans from Long Island. The first settlement of New Hampshire was made by the establishment of two fishing stations at Portsmouth and Dover in 1623 by Massachusetts colonists. Connecticut was first settled by immigrants from Massachusetts at Wethersfield in 1634. The Saybrook colony sent out from England, settled at the mouth of the Connecticut river in 1635. Rhode Island's first settlement was at Providence in 1636 by Roger Williams, who had been driven by persecution from the Massachusetts colony. Subsequent to that began in Maryland in 1634 by Leonard Calvert, a brother of Lord Baltimore, who founded a colony near the mouth of the Potomac and called it St. Mary's. These settles were Roman Catholics who had fled from persecution in England. The first settlement in North Carolina by an English colony sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1585, had been a failure. A small colony from Virginia had pushed down the coast and settled on the northern shore of Albemarle sound, about 1650, but the first colony proper was formed by a company from the Barbadoes, which settled near the Cape Fear river in 1665. South Carolina had also an early settlement by the French, at Port Royal, in 1562, which proved a failure. A permanent settlement was made by an English colony near the mouth of the Ashley river in 1670. Georgia's first settlement was by an English colony under James Oglethorpe in 1733. The government of these colonies had each certain peculiarities, but they may all be divided for convenience into three classes—the charter colonies, the proprietary colonies, and the royal colonies. The charter colonies were Massachusetts, Rhode Island, [illegible] Connecticut. These had the most liberal governments of the colonies, and were [illegible] of love in any of its many [illegible]

Courtship, according to Mr. F[illegible] in its perfection only in two countries, England and America. Romantic love is distinguished from conjugal love—that for its very existence on a man's prolonged period of courtship. [illegible] is absent, love is absent, as among ancient nations and those of the present who lock up their women until they are ready to be sold to a husband. Again, he argues, conjugal love is for the persons who share it; but such love has the best effects in making careful children.

The first love was that of the [illegible] her children, and this love was [illegible] on the face of the earth—see Mrs. Winlan Mr. Fink is!—because the only [illegible] who received the longest and tenderest nurture were the best fitted to fight life's battles. Next came paternal love, which excels filial origin. Then followed conjugal love, as the result of sexual selection; it is the conflict and jealousy among males for the female, a still later growth, was the last and highest, the romantic love which has become centuries after the birth of [illegible] in the world's history.

As a matter of fact—and, first, Mrs. Fink is a writer of facts—romantic love usually perishes after marriage; usually the fault of the married [illegible] cause of her growing indifference to please. This state of the [illegible] course is not necessary, for "a clever man can, by a judicious adaptation of the art of flirtation (to her conjugal [illegible] do much to keep alive the glowing fire of her former romantic passion." Mrs. Fink does not lessen the woman's chances [illegible] married women at 30 are certainly [illegible] than old maids at 30. If women [illegible] and clumsy or thin and faded [illegible] they do so by disregarding the [illegible] health. Even now there is comfort, change in taste in respect to [illegible] age. The day of the debutante is over; and the fuller attractions of [illegible] are about to have the ascendancy. [illegible] and Balzac made fashionable in France the woman of 30 in love, then Spielhagen and Bacher-Mosch in Germany and Tolstoi in Russia have repeated the operation; and in England the same tendency is to be seen. Then, too, the man of 35, who seeks a woman of 30, is at the acme of their attractiveness.

Words are the weakest and least worthy mode of expressing the emotions. A fluent love is self-restraint; but endless amusement is an index of a man's sincerity. The weed of embarrassment is coyness, so dear to a woman. "Cupid is kinder to the Instead of making them appear [illegible] love has the power of transforming a homely feminine face into a vision of loveliness by throwing a halo of tenderness around it. This wondrous radiance, produced by love is one of the [illegible] phosis effected by love is one of the [illegible] miracles, and to one who has [illegible] girl before, it instantly betrays her [illegible] ation. This temporary transformation from commonplace into beautiful [illegible] fusing and molding of the features [illegible] forms of voluptuous and enchanting [illegible] pression, is of extreme psychological interest; for it shows that, after all, there is [illegible] extravagant image of her perfection [illegible] the lover's mind is not purely imaginative. It is not so much owing to a difference in taste that he loves her more than others do, as because she actually *does* look more beautiful when her eyes are fastened on him than when looking at any other [illegible]

"Kissing, the culminating form of the language of love, and unknown to many ages, and in mediæval Europe it took on one of surprise rather than pain, and her lover ran to learn the cause. Quicker than a wink he landed in Mary's arms, and the situation became decidedly interesting. It took more than an hour to straighten matters out so that sparking could be resumed, and everybody, including the old folks, promised dead silence.

The story of the accident leaked out this morning, and it is enjoyed none the less because it is true.

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"No, Mickey. No, you cannot."

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CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

The Luray Caverns.

G. E. M., Clearville, Pa.:

1. Please give a description of "The Luray Cavern," of Virginia.

2. What is the salary of the superintendent of public instruction of Pennsylvania?

1. Recent researches in these interesting caves present evidences of ancient openings through which water once flowed, carrying along mud, stones, etc., filling some of the rooms nearly to the roof. The explorer states that of these openings one only has been made accessible, and this was unknown to the inhabitants of the vicinity until 1879, although, as was plainly shown, the cave has been in in some parts smoked over by fire, the deposit of soot being very thick. The removal of large patches of stalagmites from the floor, to make it smooth and more easily used, show something more than accident, while the recent deposit upon the fractured rock shows that a long period of time has elapsed, perhaps hundreds of years, since voices echoed through the now silent halls. Who these beings were, whether Norsemen, or red men, remains yet to be proved by scientific research. many bones and deposits have been brought to light; and one skeleton, that of a middle-aged male person, may throw much light upon the subject. Deposits of recent bones, consisting of animal bones, which occur in large quantities, were also exhibited, showing the multitude of animals which at one time roamed in this immense subterranean cavity. The cave contains in singular and interesting objects deposited from the dripping waters—stalagmites and stalactites of great size and variety. One, the Empress Column, is a pure white mass of alabaster 70 feet high, reaching from floor to ceiling of the roof. Another pendant formation, nearly equal to the former in length, vibrates for a minute on being struck, and one of the rooms, termed the cathedral, has a series of twenty slender columns, which sound parts of a scale on being struck successively. This is called the organ. A great deal of work still remains for the scientist and adventurer, and no one can determine the actual extent of these investigations. 2. $2,500 per year.

Grace Darling.

G. D., Polo, Ill.:

Who was Grace Darling? Please tell about her and her father rescuing a ship.

Grace Darling was the daughter of William Darling, light house keeper on Longstone, one of the Farne Islands, and was born at Bamborough November 24, 1815. On the morning of September 7, 1838, the Forfarshire, which, with 63 persons on board, had been wrecked among the Farne Islands, was seen by Darling from his light house lying broken on the rocks. At the solicitation of his daughter, then in her 22d year, he put off through the storm to the wreck, his only companion the noble girl who prompted the generous act. By wonderful strength and skill they brought their boat to where the sufferers—nine in number—crouched, in momentary expectation of a watery grave, rescued them and, bore them safely to land. The heroic undertaking, so daring in itself and so successfully carried out, filled every one with the warmest admiration. The light house at Longstone, no longer solitary and peaceful, was visited by many, and from nearly all the press testimonials and money were heaped at the feet of the heroine; but she did not long survive her change of circumstances, she died of consumption, after a year's illness, October 20, 1842.

Pensions—Public Lands—Patents.

Readers of the BLADE who desire special information regarding pensions, instead of inquiring through the Question Bureau, should write directly to Hon. John C. Black, commissioner of pensions, Washington, D. C.; for public lands information, to Hon. Wm. A. J. Sparks, commissioner of the general land office, Washington, D. C.; and for patents to Hon. B. J. Hall, commissioner of the patent office, Washington, D. C.

A BULL IN THE CELLAR.

Singular Situation of a Young Lady and Her Lover.

The New York *Evening Sun* has the following dispatch from Stamford:—

Elbert Hurd, the milkman who lives on the Putney road, has a lively blonde bull and a charming brunette daughter. All the neighbors are afraid of the former and all the neighbors' boys are crazy after the latter. Last Saturday night the bull broke loose from his stall, and after foraging around the garden-sass crop found the back door open. He entered and helped himself to a pan of apples, and the folks being out he poked open the kitchen door and went in. Instead of coming out the way he entered he chose the parlor door, and as soon as he crossed the threshold a rotten board gave way and the ugly beast descended to the cellar. The good folks did not return home until bedtime and no lamps did not return home until bedtime and no lamps were lighted. Doors were closed all around and quietness prevailed.

The next morning Mary, the pretty daughter, insisted that she heard groans during the night, but she was laughed at, and no more was thought of it. The whole family started early for church. Seeing side park, in Stillwater, and came home Mary started for the shelf for a match, and down she went, landing plump on the Jersey bull's back. Her exclamation was one of surprise rather than pain, and her lover ran to learn the cause. Quicker than a wink he landed in Mary's arms, and the situation became decidedly interesting. It took more than an hour to straighten matters out so that sparking could be resumed, and everybody, including the old folks, promised dead silence.

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ENGLISH POSTAL SYSTEM.

How Our British Cousins Handle Their Mail Matter.

The English postal system is an excellent one. It is conducted at a profit. The surplus money of its receipts is applied each year to the improvement of the service. Its carrier system has developed to such a degrees that letters and papers are delivered throughout the rural districts with nearly as much frequency as in the cities. The postman makes his rounds so often that private letter-boxes are almost unknown in the English postal stations. In the city of London the mail is collected from the street boxes—or pillars, as they are called—every hour after 8:15 in the morning up to midnight. Between midnight and 8:15 there is an early-morning collection at 3 o'clock. None of the mails taken up at the pillar-post for local delivery go to the main office. They all carried to sub stations and from there sent out. The system is so complete for the collection and carrying out of letters that you can send a letter by post to the most distant part of London and receive a reply by mail about as quickly as you could send and receive an answer by telegraph. By this, I mean a message sent through the ordinary working of the telegraph system. The telegraph service, also conducted by the postoffice, does not compare with the one mentioned, with the rapid mail service. The postoffice department also does an express business throughout the United Kingdom, and even distant colonies. The service is called the parcels post. It corresponds to our express service. By this post, very bulky articles are carried at a very low rate.

I came into personal contact with the ironclad rules of the British postal system the other day when I sought to recover a letter which had been mailed through mistake. It was not an important matter, but in the United States I never had any trouble in getting back a letter from the postal authorities when I was able satisfactorily to identify the letter, so I thought the experiment was worth trying here. I went, on a pillar post where a postman was to arrive ten minutes after the letter had been put into it. I explained the matter to a friendly policeman close by, and he said there would be no trouble in getting my letter. I had the address of the letter, and as the envelope had a monogram on it, back, there was no possibility of any mistake in identifying it. In a few moments the postman arrived. He was dressed in a blue soldierlike uniform, trimmed with red. He wore a French military cap, also blue and trimmed with red. Over his shoulder he carried a long, loose, hempen bag, such as a farmer might use for gathering apples. There was no lock or string to close the mouth of the bag. When the postman had emptied the post-box I explained what I wished. He was frightened at my asking for a letter and twisted up the bag at once, saying he could not even consider such a proposition, but if I wished I could go with him to the station and submit the matter there to the official in charge. I walked along with him. This little British postman appeared to be walking at a very leisurely pace, but I soon found that to keep up with him required very unusual exertion on my part. He took a very short step, but his leg moved about as same down very fast, so as the sidewalk. His gait was at least five miles an hour going to the station.

At the station another official in blue uniform referred me to the inspector, a short, resolute, full-bearded man in civilian dress. He said nothing could be done. A letter once posted was the property of the addressee, and the Postmaster-General was responsible for the same until it was delivered. He asked me to read the rule. I did so, and found the rule forbade the surrender of mail matter, after it was once posted, to the person posting it; but at the foot of the rule I found a possible exception to it in an appeal to the secretary of the Postmaster-General. This gave me a new leg to stand on. I then called on the postmaster of the station. I asked him how long before the letter would be sent out of the station for delivery. He said within three-quarters of an hour. I asked him if he would hold the letter if I got an order from the secretary to the Postmaster-General. He said he would certainly obey such order of that official, but he would not hold back the letter one second without such an order.

I left him, having three-quarters of an hour to go some three miles down in the city to reach the secretary. Through the under-ground railroad I was able to get to the main department with ease, and in a few minutes more, with very little ceremony—not so much as would be required to reach the Postmaster-General at Washington—I was ushered into the presence of the working head of the English Postoffice department, the secretary to the Postmaster-General. I asked him if he would consent to give back the letter, so I was excessively polite, but absolutely unbending. He said he had no doubt about my ability to identify the letter. He was sorry that he could do nothing, but the rule was one to which his department had adhered for years without any favor to any one. He said: "I have before me nearly every day people representing all conditions and degrees of life in England, seeking to have letters given back to them which have been posted through mistake; but we never have waived the rule."

I said: "The object of the rule is undoubtedly to protect the interests of the public?"

"Certainly, that is the object."

"Then you who make the rule and can suspend it at will certainly ought to have some discretion. If you are convinced that no public injury can be done, then you surely can safely suspend the rule."

"What would our subordinates say if we should break our own rules?"

"Those rules are made for your subordinates, who should have no discretion in the matter. The postman had not any right to question the discretion of the rule-making powers."

He shook his head at this and said it was not a matter for argument. The English Postoffice department never waived its rules. I then asked him if he would not do so if he were he confronted with a case where the delivery of the letter would develop some domestic tragedy or a great scandal. To this he said:

"I have ruled upon your case, and you must confess it was not serious. I will decide the serious one when it is actually presented. I am not in the habit of making hypothetical decisions upon hypothetical cases. However, I have no hesitation in saying that even I do not believe the rule will be broken even then. At any rate, I should not act without consulting our solicitor."

"But meanwhile, under your system of swift delivery and the rule that no letter should be delayed in its transmission, the letter would be delivered before you could reach your solicitor."

"Ah," said he, "I see that you admit the perfection of our postal system, and although it hits you a little hard now you must confess it is the best postal system in the world, and we keep it that way by rigidly adhering to our well considered rules."—*London Letter.*

A Girl Who Sustains Catholicisms.

One of the pretty girls registered at the Murry Hill hotel on her way to a Maine coast watering place was Miss Lena Caldwell, of Washington. She is the young lady who about a couple of years ago gave $300,000 in cash as the nucleus of the fund to start a Catholic university in this country. She is one of two sisters, her age being about 22, and that of her sister 19. They finished their convent educational life not long since, and have been the pets of Washington and Baltimore society ever since. They are orphans, have about $6,000,000 to be divided between the two, and only a maiden aunt to look after importunate lovers. The young German and Danish ambassadors at Washington bestowed a great deal of attention on the young ladies, but it appears that the American young men are received with more favor. Cardinal Gibbons came back from Rome some weeks ago it was understood that he brought with him from the Pope for Miss Lena, the elder, the decoration of the Golden Rose, which is considered the highest honor that can be conferred upon a woman by any Roman potentate. Nothing has been heard of the matter since, though it is well known the Cardinal would have gladly presented it, for the two girls are great favorites with him. Mrs General Sherman was the only woman on this side of the Atlantic upon whom the decoration ever was conferred.

Deterioration in Breeding.

As has been said, the breeding of the present generation has, from obvious causes, much deteriorated. One of the old school, Anne Lloyd by name, who still clings to her handkerchief and great gold hoop ear-rings, is eloquent on this subject. "Dat 'gal,'" she remarked the other day with contemptuous tolerance indicating a grandchild; "a nice gal, but, please God, no manners! She will bust inter yer room and never ask 'any remittence.' I larned 'o read 'en write myself, en I doan' notice dey larns much more at der school now, but ioafid en sassiness."

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and performs the work of the natural Drum. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Illustrated book of testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name paper.

LITTLE NUGGETS.

The mercury now goes high, but we must have it.

A high-priced hotel, like a Jersey mosquito, is noted for the size of its bill.

When a singer's throat is raw you can't expect her songs to be well done.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Bustles are now so big that they make a pretty woman look like a butterfly with a Saratoga trunk strapped on its back.

It may sound like an anomaly, but the man discovered in crookedness is in a strait.—*Texas Siftings.*

The difference between an epicure and an Anarchist is that one's a mighty diner and the other's a dynamiter.—*Washington Critic.*

Bridemaids now wear white China asters as the basis of their floral decorations. This flower has leaped into general favor among the ladies since a New Haven heiress said "Yes" when a yellow China aster.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

A Georgia ghost wears No. 10 shoes. The most incredulous scoffer must acknowledge that there is an unquestionable instance of a sole revisiting the earth.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

Ada—Why, one of your cheeks is red as fire and the other pale as a ghost. Ella—Yes. Harry was on one side and I was afraid mamma would see us on the other.—*Town Topics.*

"The Boston bicyclist never takes a header," says the *Transcript*. But if asked if he ever was "projected from the periphery of his circular steed" a gleam of intelligence overspreads his face.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Incredulous man in audience—If you mind-readers can do all you claim to do, why don't you go to people who advertise "pocketbooks found?" You could describe the contents and get the wealth every time.

Lecturer (impressively)—We are too honest, sir, to make a living by fraud and deception.

Inquirer slinks back in his corner, overwhelmed by the reproving and scornful glances of the auditors.

A Skye terrier belonging to a London gentleman says the *Field*, is caring for eight little chickens. They occupy a basket, and the chicks nestle in the dog's long hair and seem comfortable. They follow the dog about, and the brute strives to give them all the parental care possible.

"No, Maria," said a Jersey granger to his wife as they were about retiring at a summer resort hotel, "I think I know too much to blow out the gas. I brought something along that will fix it." So he drew out a monkey-wrench from his grip-sack and twisted off the burner. But the next morning the coroner's jury rendered the usual verdict.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

Little girl (at the opera for the first time) —"Mamma, what are those women doing with their feet?" Mother—"Don't ask so many questions." Little girl—"Mamma, are they trying to catch flies with their feet?" Mother—"No; dudes."—*Texas Siftings.*

Uncle Jeff—"Look a' heah, you Hen'y Clay White. How many times has I tole yo' smoken' 'll shawten yo' life mo'n half?"

Young H. C.—"Will, Unc' Jeff, yo' been smoken' mos' all yo' life, an' yo' is a putty ole man."

U. J.—"Dat's all right, you fool nigga'! I'se 84 now, an' ef I had'n' smoked when I was a boy I might 'a' been mo'n 100 years ole by dis time."—*Life.*

"I say, Gawge, what do you think of Mrs. Gustwillium's style?" "Hawwad style, Oscah. 'Pon me honnaw, the woman aweetually appeawed in society yestawday dwessed in a purple dwess and a blue dawg."

A dog was about to attack a monkey belonging to an organ grinder. As the dog rushed on the monkey lifted his hat and gracefully saluted, when the dog's head and tail drooped and he sneaked away.

Little Eddie, 3 years old, had quite an attack of croup one night. The next evening, when he kneeled down to say his prayers, his mamma told him he must thank God for making him well. So he said: "I thank Thee, O God, for making me well; but my nose goes this way yet"—here he sniffed several times to show that he still had a cold in his head.

The other day a Readfield urchin of some seven summers, was made happy with the present of a bow and arrow. After he had had it for a few hours he came sobbing into the house and said that he had lost his arrow. "What became of it, dear?" asked his sympathetic mother. "I s'ot it up in the air and it nebber come down. I desses one of the angels must have stole it."—*Lewiston, Me., Journal.*

A child was recently watching a young lady in Hollister busily talking into a telephone transmitter. Suddenly the child said, "Who are you talking to?" The lady answered, "I'm talking to a man." The child replied, "Well, he must be an awful little man to live in such a small house as that."—*Boston Globe.*

"Mamma," said a little uptown thoughtful, "will you decorate my grave when I am dead?" "I hope I shall not have to, my child. I would rather you would live to decorate mine." "So had I," was the innocent, but frank reply.—*Hartford Post.*

Before 1836 a brook ran through the village of Roxbury, Mass., and then was filled up and housed over. On Friday workmen engaged in digging a cellar on the site of one of these old houses unearthed a big mud turtle. The animal was two and a half feet long, over a foot wide, and weighed 28 pounds. Without doubt it had been buried 50 years. It was alive and in apparent good health.—*New York Sun.*

Within the Family Circle.

Meat that has been on ice goes wrong quickly when taken off.

Buttermilk bread is something new, of which they speak highly.

To the novel colors invented for woman's clothes of "crushed strawberry" and "whipped cream" has been added the color of "slapped baby."

A servant girl at Flint, Mich., carrying a glass lamp down stairs, slipped and fell, and coming in contact with the broken glass, she cut off the end of her nose.

A young man in Jackson, Miss., is eating peaches off a tree that grew from a sprout with which his mother "corrected" him years ago. He struck the twig in the ground and it grew right along.

The editor of a newspaper just started at Waddy, Bradford county, Pa., shows a determination to make the paper of some use in elevating the moral and social tone of the place. He says: "A man must have horrible disposition who can take delight or pleasure in the brutal pastime of shooting at a woman."

The following is a copy of a letter written lately by the head of a family in Alabama: "This baldin county in Alabama. My dear ——. Yours gwine to mobile in Ala to-morrow please sen Q. an tel him to sen me 1 Quire rope is deades laggin, gwine wet in sugar lighten struck 2 my mules yistiday an killed one also 2 exes salt."

In Yorkshire, Eng., when the clergyman asks the bridegroom if he will have the woman to be his wedded wife the man will not unfrequently turn to the woman and say, "Wilt tha' black my boots?" and the woman will invariably say, "I will," and the man then rejoins, "Now, tha's sat sid it," and he holds her to her word.

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Impure breath, caused by bad teeth, tobacco, smoking or catarrh, is neutralized by SOZODONT. It is a healthful beautifier, and a great luxury as a deodorizer. The repulsive breath is by its use rendered as fragrant as a rose, and coldness by friends or lovers will be no longer noticed.

Reverance for Age.

A young man politely offered his seat in a street car to an old gentleman, and then went and stood on the platform.

"I am glad to see, sir," said a fellow-passenger, "a young man like you pay this respect and deference to old age which it should always command."

"Yes, sir," replied the youth, "that old codger is worth a million dollars."—*Boston Bacon.*

Blessing in Disguise.

Col. Yerger had the bad luck to drop a valuable lamp, shattering it into a thousand pieces. "Dear me, how unfortunate!" exclaimed Mrs. Yerger. "How unfortunate! How lucky I let it drop, for if you had done it I would have kicked the life out of you. You are in big luck that it chief of a fire-company dropped that lamp, Maria."—*Texas Siftings.*

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THE TEXAS BATTLE A BULL RUN DEFEAT.

The Boston *Traveller* compares the defeat of the Prohibitory amendment in Texas to the defeat of Bull Run. It believes that the campaign for constitutional prohibition in Texas was premature, and finds a parallel to the urging of it forward to the impatient clamor of "On to Richmond!" that went up from all over the North during that first year of the war, and which led to the battle of Bull Run and the wild stampede which followed the defeat of the national arms. The *Traveller* goes on to say:

Texas had local option, and could abolish the saloon in any county where a majority existed. Under the opportunity that option afforded a vigorous temperance sentiment had been awakened, and practical prohibition had been carried there, as far as possible to do well.

The proposition to fight over the constitution was carried on against great odds. The Southern instinct is strong for local rule, and the constitutional movement seemed a departure to them in the direction of centralization. This view was strengthened by the letter of Jefferson Davis—a letter, according to Senator Reagan, that provided a tower of strength for the Liquor side.

There is also among the negro voters an impression that these radical temperance measures are aimed at them. That prohibition will take from them a privilege of personal choice the white man has always had and is not willing that the negro should possess, is believed. The negro finds much more social recognition in the Southern saloon than in the Southern school or church.

What with Jefferson Davis, and the bulk of the negro vote against the amendment, and the fear of Democrats that a Prohibition victory would hurt the party in the North, the rout of Prohibition at the polls was complete. Bull Run calamities are often providential lessons. Wisdom and courage may come with this repulse, and finding that "raw haste is half sister to delay," the cause of sobriety, when it moves again, may move more judiciously, and move to win.

We are not at all certain that the *Traveller's* parallel will hold good. There has not one inch of Prohibition territory been relinquished to the Rum Devil. So far as the actual result of the struggle is concerned, affairs are exactly where they were before. An attempt was made to drive Rum from those parts of Texas where it is still permitted under the local option law; that attempt failed. That is all there is of it. Nor is there any loss of *morale* in the Prohibition ranks. Every man stands firm, ready to defend the positions now held, and certain that the tremendous campaign just closed must have awakened thousands to a consideration of the claims of Prohibition. They know that moral revolutions never go backward; and though the day of victory is postponed, yet that the victory will surely be theirs. The Rum Power must yield the struggle eventually.

But what of the reasons assigned for the defeat of the amendment? Let us enumerate them again:

A feeling among the people that state prohibition would be a step in the direction of "centralization," which they dislike;

JEFF DAVIS's letter against the amendment;

An erroneous impression among the negroes that the amendment was in some way taking a privilege of personal choice from them;

And, of course, the Rum element—that class which makes money out of the accursed traffic, and the bond-slaves of drink—were against it, in any case—though they would have been outnumbered had it not been for the votes secured against the amendment for the above three reasons.

Now, it seems to us that these three are but surface reasons. The real reason, underlying all else, was the fact that enough of the people were not educated up to the Prohibition level. Had they been, there is not one of the above reasons that would have had any weight with them. JEFF DAVIS's tirade would have fallen on unheeding ears. They would have at once perceived that he is far behind the age, that the best thought of the present era is beyond him. They would have seen that "centralization" may be an excellent thing in some ways, if not in others; and would have perceived clearly that placing Prohibition in the constitution has in reality no centralizing effect.

Then, too, the same thing is plain with regard to the negro voters who opposed the amendment because they ignorantly thought that it would be, in some unexplained way, against them—that it would abridge their liberties in some degree. Here is shown a great lack of absolute knowledge upon the Prohibition question.

It must be remembered that the great masses of the people are still, to a great extent, indifferent to the drink evil, and to the growing power of the saloon, simply because their attention has never been closely directed to the matter. They need to have it brought so closely home to them that they will consider it. We need to have the long list of counts in the terrible indictment of the Rum Power brought before every voter—for is he not a juryman, who by his vote shall acquit or convict the criminal?

We need more arguments for Prohibition, and fewer for a Prohibition party. With the average voter, who has not made a study of the subject, the political prohibition party is an obstacle to his conversion into a zealous worker against Rum. He fancies that he is giving aid and comfort to a political enemy, instead of aiding a grand moral reform, and one of the noblest causes ever advocated by man.

There is food for thought, too, in the fact that Texas already has local option, and that the friends of Prohibition can abolish the saloon and the traffic in any county where they have a majority. A tree is known by its fruits. We have yet to hear of any county which, under a local option law, has adopted Prohibition, and in which that law was enforced, so that the people could see the actual benefits of Prohibition, that has ever gone back to Rum of its own accord. On the contrary, the Prohibition sentiment grows. Men are convinced. They actually see the benefits. We believe it would have been better to have pushed local option in Texas, until it was certain that there was a clear majority for constitutional Prohibition. Then, with the certainty of entire success, the effort could have been made to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

ROBERT T. LINCOLN made a speech at a reunion of old settlers at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, on August 6, in which, speaking of the wonderful growth of that state, he remarked:

> The character of the people is best known by the fact that the percentage of people who read and write is greater than any other state. What a monument of change! What was then a wilderness is now a rich garden. I am too good a Republican not to take the facts as reasons for the advanced attitude you take in politics.

THE mugwumps have a task on hand that is a puzzle. It is, to explain satisfactorily why it is consistent to resolve against civil service reform and at the same time to pledge their undivided support to CLEVELAND, who pretends to be a reformer.

WHO ARE PROTECTED BY THE TARIFF?

The Ohio Democratic platform, in its tariff plank, takes the free trade side; and the party press of the state is beginning to fire off the worn-out arguments against American industries and the best interests of American workingmen. These have been shown up time and again; but we suppose the exigencies of the campaign will compel their production in the papers and on the stump from this time until the state election next November. Here is the statement of the free trade position, clipped from one of these papers:

> The census of the United States discloses the fact that in round numbers 17,500,000 persons in the United States are engaged in gainful occupations; that is, this number of citizens work in some manner for a living. Of this great army 825,000 are engaged in pursuits which come in competition with foreign manufacture. If protection is for anything at all it is for the benefit of this class—but while it is claimed, but not conceded, that these persons are protected, there are 16,675,000 toilers who are not hampered by foreign competition of any character. Now, as this great army of non-protected workers is 21 times as large as the so-called protected squad, does it not seem reasonable that legislation should take a turn to the side of this overwhelming majority?

The error in the above is in assuming that no workman is benefited by the tariff save those who are engaged in the production of articles upon whose importation there is a duty. This is a manifest untruth.

The fact is well known that the wages of workingmen in Great Britain, for instance, are much lower than in corresponding lines of work in America. The tariff enables higher wages to be paid here than in that country; that is, the one great reason why goods can be manufactured more cheaply in England than here is because the cost of the necessary labor is much less there. Put the rate of wages in all lines in this country down to the level of English wages, and goods can probably be made here just as cheaply as there.

"But (supposing for the sake of argument that the figures in the above extract are correct) what would happen if those 825,000 workers had their wages reduced to the English level? What would be the result on other wage-workers? There is no intelligent man but knows that wages would take a drop all along the industrial line. Not only the mechanics, but the day laborers, the clerks in the offices and stores, the employes on the railways,—in point of fact, every man who works for wages, whether he calls it wages or salary, would feel the effects.

The figures given above are misleading in two ways: first, because the number of persons engaged directly in protected industries has very largely increased since 1880; second, because that number as given above simply includes the men actually employed at the trades directly coming under the tariff.

To illustrate: Take a rolling mill, for instance. This enumeration embraces the men actually employed in running the puddling and heating furnaces, and the various machines for working the iron into the required shapes. It does not include the engineers and firemen, nor the teamsters, nor the clerks in the office, nor the miners who get out the coal which the mill uses, nor the men who manufacture the coke, nor the railway employes who handle the trains which haul the coal from the mine to the mill, nor those who transport iron from the mill to market, nor the watchmen of the mill, nor any of the other persons who are, directly or indirectly, given employment, in whole or in part, through the fact that the mill is running. The wages of all these men go, in whole or in part, to make up the cost of the manufactured iron; and to put its production on a level with English production, the wages of all these men must be cut down accordingly.

It will be seen that this would multiply the 825,000 persons figured above several times. And it is equally clear that a reduction of the wages of all men employed directly or indirectly in all protected industries would affect at once a very large proportion of the 17,500,000 persons employed in gainful occupations in the United States in 1880. It is a fact, proved time and again by experience, that when the wages of any considerable portion of the wage-workers are reduced, the fall affects all men who work for pay. When a period of industrial depression comes, and wages go down in manufacturing establishments, it is well known that the decline affects every wage-worker. And when wages go up in any one class of labor, that increase is felt more or less throughout all other classes of labor in the country.

Here are the absolute facts of the whole matter: Protection helps every wage-worker by keeping the rate of wages up in all protected lines of industry and in all lines of labor dependent upon them.

To remove the protective feature—to retain a tariff for revenue, but so framed as not to protect—simply means that the wages of every man who is employed by anybody else will be reduced.

TWO IMPORTANT TEMPERANCE DOCUMENTS.

We call attention to an announcement in the Publisher's Department, fifth page, of two very important Temperance documents, which we have just issued. One is upon the result of Thirty Years of Prohibition in Maine, and the other the testimony of Ten Eminent Physicians as to the effect of Lager Beer upon the Human System. These pamphlets, by D. R. Locke, should be scattered broadcast. They should be circulated by the million. See terms and order at once.

HERE is a fact that is worth pasting in the hat of every boy in the land: Out of twenty young men who competed for a West Point cadetship at Westfield, Mass., ten were rejected by the physician because they had "the tobacco heart," brought on by cigarette-smoking. They were unfit for West Point service. And a youth with "tobacco heart" is unfit for any occupation which requires persistent, steady effort. To put it in other words, he is fit for no real use in this busy world of ours, and the sooner he goes to his grave the better it will be for him and for humanity in general.

A NEW organization among workingmen has been started in Chicago, that shows a hopeful degree of progress among its promoters. Starting on the principle that the interests of employe and employer are identical, the new order proposes to discourage strikes, squelch the jawsmiths, and to have its members educated up to a level where they will not look upon their employers as their natural enemies.

THE Virginia state campaign this fall will be, like that in Ohio, chiefly upon national issues. The most prominent among these will be the repeal of the internal revenue system, the Blair educational bill, the tariff and policy generally pursued by the Democratic administration at Washington. The fight of the Republicans is to be directed almost entirely to getting control of the House of Delegates.

THE Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* refers to the BLADE's phrase, "Pulverize the Rum Power," as a "chestnut." Doubtless there were people in ancient Rome who had the same general impression over the repetition of *"Delenda est Carthago,"* but Carthage was overthrown finally.

A WASHINGTON man offers to bet $5,000 that CLEVELAND will not be elected next year if nominated. It's a safe bet, but some enthusiastic mugwump will doubtless take it up and be $5,000 poorer and wiser fifteen months hence.

SAN ANTONIO, Galveston, Houston, Austin, Waco and Dallas all voted against prohibition, while Fort Worth and Tarrant county voted for prohibition.

BLAINE NOT A CATHOLIC.

We are in receipt of a postal card from Eskridge, Kansas, whose writer makes this remark:

> Many citizens are wondering why you entertain the idea of placing the country under a Roman Catholic government by your persistent efforts to put Blaine in the Presidential chair.

First, let us remark to our correspondent and the mythical "many citizens" in whose name he assumes to speak, that the BLADE is doing nothing of the sort. It is not pushing Mr. BLAINE, nor any one else, for the Presidency. It labored for his election in 1884, when he was the nominee of the Republican party, but since that time we have had other things to do more important to us than running a Presidential boom for any gentleman.

Then these apparently uninformed "many citizens" appear totally ignorant of the fact that MR. BLAINE is not a Catholic, but is, on the contrary, a Protestant, and an attendant upon the services of the Presbyterian church. The story of Mr. BLAINE's being a Roman Catholic has been contradicted again and again, and the BLADE did so in its editorial columns during the summer of 1884; but it seems impossible to overtake a lie when it once gets started on its rounds.

For the benefit of the "many citizens" of Eskridge in particular, and the readers of the BLADE in general, who may be interested in the truth of the matter, we will again state the facts, showing how the assumption that BLAINE is a Catholic had its rise. To give this intelligently requires some mention of his ancestry, and of the relationship between him and the EWING family.

EPHRAIM L. BLAINE, the father of the statesman, was a grandson of Col. BLAINE, of the Pennsylvania line during the revolution, and who was the intimate friend of Gen. WASHINGTON. Col. BLAINE was the commissary general of the Continental army, and through his advancing largely from his private means to purchase supplies, the suffering troops during that memorable winter at Valley Forge were kept from starvation. EPHRAIM L. BLAINE married Miss GILLESPIE, of a noted Pennsylvania family, and his son was named JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE—his middle name being his mother's maiden name.

Miss GILLESPIE was of a Catholic family, but her husband, EPHRAIM L. BLAINE, was not, and the children were not reared in the mother's faith, but in that of the father. When JAMES G. BLAINE was 11 years old, he visited for a time the EWING family, at Lancaster, Ohio. Hon. THOMAS EWING, sr., married a Miss BOYLE, whose mother was a GILLESPIE—an aunt (we believe) of BLAINE's mother. Hence he and the EWING boys are cousins. The oldest son of Hon. THOMAS EWING, sr., is Judge PHILEMON EWING, now a leading lawyer of the Lancaster bar. He also married a Miss GILLESPIE—a sister of JAMES G. BLAINE's mother. Mr. EWING's other sons—THOMAS, jr., HUGH, and CHARLES—were boys yet at the time of young BLAINE's visit, which was a protracted one.

The most cordial friendship has always existed between BLAINE and the EWINGS from that time. Probably the fact that some of the EWINGS are Catholics may have aided in giving the impression that Mr. BLAINE is also one. The wife of THOMAS EWING, sr., was a Catholic, and a few months before Mr. EWING died he accepted the doctrines of that church. PHILEMON EWING and his wife, and HUGH EWING and family, are Catholics. THOMAS EWING, jr., married a Miss COX, the daughter of a noted Presbyterian clergyman of Central Ohio, and he and his entire family are Protestants. CHARLES EWING is dead.

The above is a brief statement of the facts in the case. JAMES G. BLAINE, his wife, and all his family, we believe, are of the Protestant faith. It is easy to see that the state of things detailed above would easily give rise, in the minds of the ignorant, to the assumption that BLAINE was of the Catholic faith.

But we are sorry to see the spirit of intolerance which our correspondent manifests. Religious belief has nothing to do with American citizenship. So long as the constitution expressly excludes it, we regret to see a proscriptive spirit among any portion of the American people against any church or creed. There is no reason why a Roman Catholic should not be just as patriotic, just as true an American, as a citizen of any other faith, or of no faith at all. Gallant PHIL SHERIDAN, for instance, is a Catholic; yet we suppose if he were spoken of for the Presidency the same bigotry and intolerance would be shown toward him, because of that fact. It is un-American. It is time that our people should outgrow the old prejudice against their Catholic fellow-citizens. In point of fact, a man's religious opinions should have no place in considering his fitness for the Presidency, or any other office.

THERE seems to be no desire to have Utah admitted as a state outside of the Mormons. The opponents of polygamy were invited to send delegates to the constitutional convention, but they would have nothing to do with it. Now the Democratic committee in Salt Lake City and the Liberal party of the territory have passed resolutions denouncing the scheme. But while the movement is exclusively a Mormon one, the church leaders are strangely silent with regard to the articles in the constitution which make polygamy a penitentiary offence. Their mouths are closed, while their agents are trying to convince the people of the United States that the latter-day saints are really willing to do themselves what federal officers and federal courts have been so bitterly assailed for doing. What are the opinions of these leaders? The men who made the constitution are governed by the church. But no one who is familiar with the attitude of the church toward polygamy and the prosecution of polygamists, can expect that its leaders can, under any circumstances, regard polygamy as a crime, or that they will pretend that their opinions on this subject have been changed. This silence is full of significance to those who see in the "Statehood" movement nothing but an an attempt of the Mormons to escape federal supervision.

THE commissioner of Patents is endeavoring to combat a growing trouble in patent claims—that of employing in their general, indefinite and vague terms, such as "means," "mechanism"—which may be construed so as broaden and expand the invention, that everything in the art is covered, all future inventions are required to pay tribute, and the public perpetually taxed. The commissioner holds that while a patentee is at liberty to employ such language and phrases as he elects, he is required to point out his particular invention so that the people may not be deluded, nor the inventive genius of the public deterred or frightened from pursuits in the same field of invention by a patent containing equivocal claims which in effect would suppress all further improvement. All of which is sound sense, and in the interests of the people.

THE vote of the Prohibitory amendment to the Tennessee constitution will take place on September 29. Mississippi will very likely be the next scene of an amendment struggle, the recent prohibition convention in that state having resolved to seek from the next legislature the submission of such an amendment.

THE total fire losses in the United States and Canada thus far this year ($76,926,000) exceed those of the corresponding period last year by $13,000,000. This is a matter thas needs more public attention than it has yet received.

THE KENTUCKY ELECTION.

An anonymous correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, writing from Louisville, gives a most graphic statement of the facts rearding the late election in Kentucky, with his opinion as to the causes of the heavy change of public sentiment which is in progress in the Blue Grass state. The facts in the election are as follows:

The vote was the heaviest ever cast in the state. In 1884, at the Presidential election it was 275,000; this year the total vote was about 290,000.

In 1884, CLEVELAND carried the state by 34,839 over BLAINE. This year, BUCKNER only has about 16,000 over BRADLEY. There is a heavy Democratic loss, which has been steadily going on for several years.

The increase in the total of the third-party Prohibition and the Labor vote is only about 9,000 over the total vote of ST. JOHN and BUTLER in 1884. And, furthermore, of this 9,000, fully one-third is drawn from the Republicans.

The loss of 18,000 votes by the Democratic party can not be attributed to stay-at-home voters, because the heavy total vote, the largest ever cast in the state, shows that the citizens exercised the right of suffrage more numerously than ever before. Then the fact that heavy bets were offered on the smallness of BUCKNER's majority, shows that the result was foreseen, and was not accidental.

The Republican gains were among the white citizens. In Lexington, for instance, where the mass of the Republican party is made up of colored voters, that party lost; while the heaviest Republican gains were made in the mountain counties, where there are few negro voters, or none at all.

As to the reasons for this tremendous change in public opinion—a change not depending on local or state issues, but preceded three years ago by nearly as great a change at the Presidential election, this correspondent states his views thus:

> The race issue is being forgotten as we recede from the times of the war and of emancipation. Though nearly all our colored men still stick to the party that gave them liberty, the whites have to a great extent ceased to look upon the Democracy as the white man's party. They begin to take interest in pending Federal questions.

Whatever the *Courier-Journal* may say to the contrary, the tariff issue played a greater part in the discussions this year than ever before; and many more protectionists, who had called themselves Democrats, found out that they were on the wrong side; that they affiliated with a crowd in which they did not properly belong.

But the Blair educational bill had a much greater effect than the tariff: Buckner opposed, Bradley advocated it. Hence, his enormous majorities in the mountain and hilly counties in which illiteracy abounds, and the people are too poor to pay for any school taxes. The returns from Estille, Jackson, Whitley, Laurel, Knox, Rowan, Harlan, etc., look as if they came from so many Vermont towns.

Moreover, these mountains and hills are full of Union veterans, who resented the veto of the dependent pension bill, which the Democratic speakers—mainly ex-rebels—fully justified. Here you have those causes of the change which rest on federal questions, to which may be added, that all the negro anti-Blaine trumps returned to their old Republican allegiance.

There are two local causes in addition. The Democratic candidate, Simon Bolivar Buckner, was one of the few original secessionists of Kentucky. Being before the war in command of the state militia, he exerted such influence over them that at its outbreak nearly all of them "went South." In Union families his name, until his late nomination for governor, was remembered in that connection, and in that connection only, for he had since the war taken no part in public affairs. Very few ex-Union soldiers voted for him.

The other local cause was this: While former Republican candidates talked only of national issues, Mr. Bradley boldly assailed the Democrats for their management of state affairs; going into particulars and ranging as the chief weapon the late great increase of state taxation, brought about not by a higher rate, but by a fuller assessment. People who look upon customs as a blessing, because the payment is made by the importer at New York, are very sensitive about direct taxes which they have to pay on their farms or town lots. The extravagance of the Democratic state government is felt; the much greater extravagance at Washington appears only as a praiseworthy effort to get rid of the surplus.

Here you have the Kentucky facts; draw from them what moral you wish.

OUR PORTRAIT OF LOGAN.

Our portrait of the lamented LOGAN is finished, and being mailed. It is a splendid work of art, and will be highly prized by those who secure it.

And speaking of our series of portraits of the great generals of the late war, there is one point to which we wish to call attention. These portraits are engraved from photographs taken from life, and were furnished us by the Generals themselves, at our request, as being the view of the face and the expression they desired to be remembered by. Two, Gen. GRANT and Gen. SHERMAN, sat expressly for us, and SHERIDAN and LOGAN sent us those that they preferred.

In a very few years the BLADE portraits of the great Generals will have an increased value from this fact. They are not only works of art, but they are faithful, absolute likenesses.

We send them to any address at 25 cents each, singly, or 65 cents for the four. The five great religious heroes, the two WESLEYS, CALVIN, LUTHER and TALMAGE for 80 cents, the whole nine for $1.25. Order at once.

A PRIVATE letter from Kotaj, in Austro-Hungary, to a citizen of Cleveland, is published in the *Leader*, of that city. The following extract, regarding the wages of harvest hands in that country, will be read with interest by American farmers and wage workers:

> We are now in the midst of our harvest. While we own American mowers, reapers, etc., it does not pay us to run them on account of cheap labor which is flocking into this territory yearly for the purpose of harvesting our grain. We are now employing 250 foreign help, Slavs and Poles, besides the 150 of our own. You will undoubtedly be interested to know how these harvesters live, etc.
>
> The enables are furnished them according to contract, as follows: A laborer receives for each week 1½ kilos (3 pounds) of pork, 3 loaves of bread, 3 litres (3 quarts) of whisky, 1 litre (1 quart) of vinegar, ½ kilo (1 pound) of meat for Sunday, ¼ kilo (½ pound) of salt and each eighteenth shock of grain they harvest, and nothing more. They sleep in the open air, and the canopy of heaven is the only roof that covers them.

THE strike of the engineers and firemen on the great Midland railway in England, which unfortunately failed, was one that should have succeeded. It was against a new rule by which men will be paid only for the time spent on their engines, and not allowed for the time during which they are compelled to hold themselves exclusively at the service of the company. American engine-drivers will be interested to learn that engineers on this side get only from 5½ to 7½ shillings per day ($1.25 to $1.75) for the best men, and firemen in proportion; and that it is proposed practically to reduce these small wages.

WHILE it is an admitted fact that under a Democratic administration the Prohibitory law of Rhode Island is inefficiently executed, yet the record of arrests in the city of Providence for the past year shows a marked decrease. The record shows this decided improvement:

Total for all causes	31	per cent. reduction.
Minors	33	" "
Assaults	16	" "
Brawlers, revellers, disorderly	47	" "
Drunkenness	26	" "
Common drunkards	50	" "

A CIVIL service reform that turns 162 Democrats into 194 places is the true administration variety. That's the way it worked in federal positions in Philadelphia. Now for another wail from the mugwumps against CLEVELAND's subordinates, and another boot-licking act toward CLEVELAND himself, on their part.

AN act providing that no railroad which pays a dividend of 10 per cent. on the par value of its stock shall charge more than two cents fare per mile per passenger, has been passed unanimously by the New Hampshire House of Representatives.

GRUNDY county, the second county in size in Missouri, and the first to vote under the new local option law of the state, was carried for Prohibition on August 6 by a vote of 1,490 "against the sale" to 1,033 "for the sale."

THE LATEST RAILWAY HORROR.

The Illinois railway wreck is probably the most terrible in the ghastly annals of such disasters. The roll of the dead, both killed instantly and who will die from the effects of their wounds, will probably exceed that of any previous catastrophe of the rail. The following list of the loss of life in the greatest disasters of the past will prove of interest now:

At Versailles, France, May 8, 1842, loss of life, 53; Burlington, N. J., August 29, 1854, killed, 21; Mons, Belgium, June, 1438, 21 killed; St. Hilaire, Canada, June 29, 1864, 83 killed; near Erie, Pa., December 18, 1867, 41 burned to death; Carr's Rock, N. Y., April 14, 1868, 26 killed; Abergele, Wales, August 29, 1868, 23 burned to death; Revere, Boston and Portland road, August 26, 1871, 20 killed; Belleville, Canada, June 22, 1872, 30 killed; Ashtabula, Ohio, December 29, 1876, 100 perished by fire, drowning and exposure to cold; Tay bridge, Scotland, December 28, 1879, 74 lives lost.

It is always the case, after a railway disaster, that there is an outcry in the public press for the adoption of measures which would have prevented it. The Republic wreck was followed by a loud demand for the abolition of the car stove. Already the papers are teeming with suggestions whereby this latest horror would have been prevented. The first is, that all excursion trains shall be preceded, at a short distance, by a pilot engine. But there is no reason for such a rule regarding excursion trains that does not equally apply to all passenger trains; and it is easy to see that the great additional expense of patrol engines, and the consequent increase of passenger rates, renders this impractical, or at least improbable of adoption.

Then comes a better suggestion, that passenger coaches should be built entirely of steel, so as to be too strong to be broken up by the shock of a collision or by a drop through a bridge. When a wooden car is wrecked, the murderous splinters lacerate and kill the passengers, and also readily take fire and burn, roasting to death the wounded and the uninjured who may be inextricably held down by the wreck.

There is much to be said in favor of building cars so strong that any ordinary collision will not crush them. In the Piper City, or Chatsworth, wreck, the sleepers were not broken up. They are more solidly built than the ordinary coaches, and time and again have proved themselves worth the added cost in the additional safeguard their solidity gives to the passengers.

But, after all, these suggestions do not go to the bottom of the matter. The real point of danger is on the track itself. The remedy must not be one which will provide comparative safety for passengers in case of wreck, but one that prevents the wreck itself. No bridges or culverts should be allowed into whose structure wood enters. Steel, iron and stone are the only admissible materials. Then, to see to the safety of bridges, to watch for broken or displaced rails, etc., the entire track should have much more frequent and close inspection than it generally receives. Double tracks will prevent the danger of collisions, but not of run-ins. But on single track roads these dangers would be reduced to a minimum if there were more perfect organization of the telegraphic control service. Train dispatching has made great strides in the last few years, and on many of the great roads of the country is most admirably done; it would be hard, in fact, to suggest improvement. But unfortunately there are many roads in which hazardous chances are allowed, and whereon negligence is exhibited in such matters. Safety lies only in eternal vigilance.

PROPHETS OF EVIL.

The recurrence of a season of drouth in the Northwest has set all the penny-wise cranks going on the subject of vast climatic changes, due to clearing out the forests and draining the swamps; and there are predictions galore of annual drouths, and a final turning of the country into a desert. It may be well to remark here that the water which comes down as rain is derived from the ocean by evaporation. Three-fourths of the earth's surface is water, and the tremendous evaporation going on from this area furnishes the material for the rainfall over the one-quarter of the earth's surface which is land. Whether this moisture-laden air is driven over this section or not depends upon meteorological causes, not clearly understood. It is certain, however, that they are in the atmosphere itself and are beyond the control of man. The clearing and draining of a country has no effect upon its general climate. It makes the extremes of heat and cold more sharp, and causes the water to run off more quickly—as the forests and swamps act like sponges in retaining it. But the real cause of wet and dry seasons is above and beyond any puny efforts of man to regulate.

IT WILL be one hundred years in September since the Shaker society at New Lebanon, N. Y., was founded. The village was frequently visited by "Mother ANN" LEE, the founder of the Shaker sect, and it is suggested that the centenary of the organization shall be suitably commemorated. ANN LEE, was born in Manchester, England, February 29, 1736, and emigrated to America in 1774. She died September 8, 1784. The following discription of her personal appearance is taken from a publication of the "Millennial Church," as the Shakers call themselves:

> She was rather below the common stature of woman; thick-set, but straight and otherwise well proportioned and regular in form and features. Ho complexion was light and fair; and her eyes were blue, but keen and penetrating. Her countenance was mild and expressive, but grave and solemn. Her natural constitution was sound, strong and healthy. Her manners were plain, simple and easy, yet she possessed a certain dignity of appearance that inspired confidence and commanded respect. By many of the world, who saw her without prejudice, she was called beautiful.

GENERAL TUTTLE, of Iowa, who has been abused and reviled the whole length and breadth of the land by the Democratic and mugwump organs because of his strong opposition to CLEVELAND's illegal rebel flag order, turns out to be a Democrat. During the rebellion he was a war Democrat, ran at the head of the Democratic ticket for governor of Iowa in 1862, and always has been a Democrat. The charges made against him of operating in cotton in the South during the war, and other unpleasant attacks, can be borne with equanimity by the Republicans. The record, if true, is consistent with Democratic precedents.

THE Woman's Christian Temperance union proposes to erect a $600,000 building in Chicago, to be used partially as a temperance training school and national temperance headquarters. Besides furnishing headquarters for the National Woman's Christian Temperance union, the structure is also to be a great office building, and is expected to yield a rental of at least $135,000 a year. Grounds has been secured for it in the very center of the city. Bonds are to be issued to raise the funds for the erection of the building.

SEVERAL hundred persons resident in Ireland draw pensions regularly from this government for services in the army during the late war. The United States is said to be the only government in the world that pays pensions to persons who do not reside within its borders.

"TURN HIGGINS out!" is the mugwump war-cry, and GROVER sits placidly back in his chair, and grinningly contemplates the wrath of the betrayed and befooled muga. He knows they cannot go back on himself now. They have gone too far to retreat.

BUYING BONDS.

The free trade papers are in an agony of wrath over Secretary FAIRCHILD's announcement that he will use the surplus in the treasury in anticipating interest (at a rebate) and buying bonds. The BLADE has been advocating this business-like way of handling the question for months, and is glad to see it put into practice. But the free traders see a chance to work for a destruction of our protective policy, on the plea that the revenue is too great and must be reduced; hence they are inconsolable over FAIRCHILD's plan. The Louisville *Courier-Journal* says:

> About the beginning of August the bids in New York for registered 4½s were 107¾, and for coupon bonds 108¾. Since the publication of Secretary Fairchild's call for tenders for redemption, the boys have been quietly working up the price, and the fifteen batches offered the secretary the other day the cheapest registered bonds were 110 and the highest 111½, while the coupon bonds were offered at 110½ to 112. * * * * * * * * *
>
> This would represent a scoop of five to six million dollars on the 4½s alone, and if extended to the 4s about $17,000,000 more—that is, twenty-odd millions more than the market would have taken them at.

Here are the rest of the facts in the case, which the *Courier-Journal* is too dishonest to give its readers:

FAIRCHILD bought only those 4½s that were offered at 110. There are $250,000,000 of these bonds outstanding. They are subject to call in 1891—four years hence. The annual interest on them is $11,250,000. Suppose FAIRCHILD would buy them all at 110. The *Courier-Journal* howls that the bondholders would make "five or six million dollars" on them. Their purchase would save the government the interest; this, as stated above, is eleven and a quarter millions yearly, or $45,000,000 for the four years until they are subject to call. FAIRCHILD paid 10 per cent premium on those he bought. Should he buy them all, now, at that rate, he would pay $25,000,000 more than their face. Try a little sum in subtraction.

Interest for 4 years saved	$45,000,000
Premium on bonds, if bought	25,000,000
Net gain to government	$20,000,000

That is, if FAIRCHILD should buy and retire the whole issue of 4½s at 110, he would save the government just twenty million dollars. The *Courier-Journal* is wisely silent about this, and raises a currish yelp because the owners of the bonds would, in such a case, realize five or six millions.

Would you care, if you were buying a horse, that the seller made five or six dollars, if you were certain you could make twenty dollars off your purchase, in cool cash?

TALMAGE—A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT OF A FAMOUS PREACHER.

At the request of thousands of our readers, we have had engraved a magnificent portrait of the great and world-famous pulpit orator, Rev. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, uniform in style with our other Military and Religious Heroes. The portrait is absolutely life-like, is executed in the very highest style of the art, and will be an ornament to any house. The thousands upon thousands of admirers of the great Brooklyn preacher, the greatest and most effective pulpit speaker now living, will be glad to secure this speaking likeness of the man. It has a more than passing value, for it is taken while he is yet in his prime, in the vigor and strength of his manhood, and while he is doing his most effective work. Every reader of his matchless sermons should have one. We mail them singly, post-paid, for 25 cents. For the combination with our other portraits, see announcement on fifth page, under the head of Publisher's Department.

THE Philadelphia *Bulletin* relates a case of the fearful effects of Rum, one that is but a prototype of thousands of others. CHARLES MCGARIGLE's wife died of the combined effects of whisky and heat a few days ago. The man was present at the inquest, and presented a most miserable sight. He was unable to stand alone, and his hands shook so that when he tried to raise a glass of water to his lips, it was splashed over him. A relative, by marriage, who accompanied the man from the hospital, procured a carriage to convey him back to the institution from which he came, and when he was helped to the street, MCGARIGLE walked toward an undertaker's wagon that was standing beside the carriage, and reached out his hands in an attempt to enter it. Yet this man, but three years ago, was a prosperous hotelkeeper in Ireland, his property being worth $50,000. In a short time, through drink, he has lost every cent he had, and become reduced to his present awful condition. And there are thousands of men who, well knowing the effects of Rum upon the human system, oppose bitterly any effort to prevent its unrestrained sale to any one who may wish to buy. Such men will never be temperate so long as a saloon is allowed in existence.

THE statement that the "National Veterans' association," of Des Moines, Ia., has adopted a series of resolutions approving of CLEVELAND's illegal rebel flag order, has been trumpeted from one end of the land to the other, and the effort is apparent to make it appear that a large number of the surviving veterans of the national armies agree with them. The cold facts are as follows: that the "National Veterans' association" comprises twenty-one persons, all told; that it was gathered together by Pensioner Examiner WHITEHEAD, an understrapper of BLACK's, who was sent to Iowa to try to split the G. A. R., by way of a rebuke to Gen. TUTTLE; that WHITEHEAD wrote the resolutions and then organized the association with the pretentious name, in order to have them passed; and that these twenty-one persons represent nobody in particular except themselves. The resolutions were sent to Gen. ROSECRANS, and by him presented to the President with as much formality as if they had been the work of ten thousand veterans. The toadies to CLEVELAND ought to be ashamed of such a schoolboy performance.

THERE is a good deal of silly talk by the Democratic press because Governor FORAKER invited President CLEVELAND to visit Columbus on his swing around the circle. The able editors cannot understand how the former could send a courteous invitation, after his bold and patriotic attitude on the rebel flag order. They fail to distinguish between an official invitation from the governor of Ohio to the chief magistrate of the nation, to visit the state capital, and CAPT. FORAKER's protest against GROVER CLEVELAND's foolishness. Besides, gentlemen, wasn't CLEVELAND's action clearly illegal? Didn't he admit as much in his order of withdrawal, in plain words? And what was wrong in FORAKER's action, any way, in assuming the afterward admitted fact of its illegality, and ordering a recourse to law to prevent its execution, on that ground? Prithee, good sirs, show a little common sense, if you have any of that invaluable commodity about you!

THERE are some people who believe in coincidences. Well, here is one for them. Mr. HAYES opened his gubernatorial campaign in 1875 at Caldwell, Ohio, and the next year was elected President. GARFIELD opened the Republican state campaign in 1879 at the same town, and the next year was elected President. FORAKER will open the campaign this year at Caldwell. There are infinite possibilities in the future.

AMERICAN wheat sells in England at eight cents a bushel higher than Indian, and five cents higher than Russian. Its quality is the best in the world, and the competition of Indian and other foreign wheats is thus handicapped.

NASBY.

Spekite got away with him, and [illegible] But, confound it, boys, the beans were a sadly burned, you wouldn's have eaten them anyway."

A Veteran in Texas.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—As I have seen no kindling wood from Texas, I thought I would contribute a few chips. I served four years and four days in Co. C, 23d Regt. Ky. Inf Vol. I am a bred and born buckeye. I enlisted at Camp King, Covington, Ky. The company C that I belonged to was made up in and around Covington and Cincinnati. If any of the old comrades should see this and wish to learn anything about Texas, I should be glad to hear from them. I will not write much this time. If those chips burn well, I will send in some more next week.—J. P. ADAMS, White Rock, Tex.

A Chip From Arizona.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I have been reading the CAMP FIRE for some time and think it splendid. Will you allow me to put on one mosquet limb, as I live in Arizona and have no other kind of wood? I have read letters from nearly every part of the United States but have not seen anything from the 63rd Ills. V. V. Inft., which was called the "boy regiment;" but we were under command of Gen. Logan, from December, 61, until July '65, and that is sufficient proof that we did our part to save the Union. I am glad the Mexican veterans have been put on the pension roll for they deserve to be, but not any more than many old soldiers of the late war, but as long as we vote Cleveland is in office, we cannot expect much help from Congress. It will not be long until we will have the chance to do the voting, and I hope the old vets will not forget how it is done.—SOLOMON ICE, Co. A. 63d Ills. V. V. I.

In Favor of a Service Pension.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I notice in the periodicals of the day that some of our soldier friends have a good deal

BLOWING UP THE SKY

To Cause Rainfall—An Illinois Inventor Revives an Old Idea.

ASHLAND, ILL., Aug. 11.—EDITOR BLADE:—Why cannot some inventive genius get up an invention for inducing rainfall? Here is an idea that I have had in my mind's eye for several years, which might fill the bill. Construct six small balloons, each holding about 5,000 cubic feet of gas, each balloon being capable of carrying 200 pounds or more of giant powder, with fuse long enough attached so there would not be an explosion before the balloon got five miles or more above the earth. Set fire to the fuse as soon as the balloon starts. After starting the first balloon on its journey, allow five or ten minutes' time between each ascension.

Here is another idea: Six balloons, each charged with dynamite, to be sent up into the clouds and fired by electricity from the earth. If it should prove a success, it would be worth millions of dollars to the world in general. I would like to see some enterprising man try the experiment. If Prof. H. Allen Hazen, of the United States signal service, at Washington, or any one else, has got any better idea than mine, I would like to hear from them through some of our leading newspapers. If you have any space in your paper to publish the above, you will oblige—A. ELY, JR.

THE DRIVEN WELL PATENT.

A Claim That the Farmers Are Safe Against Royalty—The Patent Used in Columbus in 1854.

This morning's Columbus *Journal* has the following: "It will be pleasant news to the farmers all over the state that the patent which they are urged to pay royalty upon for the driven wells which they have in use, was anticipated in this city as early as 1854, and that the alleged patent, on this account, can, in all probability, be set aside. In the foregoing year a driven well was put down on the same principle as that on which the royalty is in dispute in this city, on the ground occupied by the old Columbus Machine company, and was in use for several years, until other arrangements were made, and the machine shops displaced by others of greater proportions.

A parallel case to the present was that of Mr. Henry Mithoff, who had a patent on a post augur, and secured a favorable decision against its infringement, in the Pittsburg courts, and was about to collect his royalty, when the case came up before Judge Baxter, late of the United States court, and the judge discovered in the course of the proceedings that a similar augur had been used before the patent was secured by Mr. Mithoff, and threw it out of court in short order. It is though this will be the result of the drove-well patent when the facts are all placed before the court in the contest which is proposed by the farmers against the royalty payments.

"The well, in this instance, was put down by P. A. Schlapp, the architect, Mr. Wm. Monypeny and E. T. Mithoff. These gentlemen are all living, and give the results of their labor in that line, and it may be of use to the farmers in their contest with the attorneys of the patentee. The man who has the patent on the wells which have been driven recently, went through the war driving wells where the armies might stop, and doing a good service in that line, and secured his patents in 1868, when the war was over.

TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

Human Nature as Seen by Jewelers—A Case of Kleptomania.

A jewelry store is a place where weaknesses of the human race can be discerned more easily than in any other business. Place a tray of diamonds or gems upon a counter for inspection, and in the majority of cases you will see in the face of the customer an absorbing desire to possess that seems to rule, at times, as an uncontrollable passion.

"You have to keep a pretty close watch on your customers, do you not?" we asked a Broadway jeweler.

"If we did not," he replied, "the stealings in my store would amount to thousands of dollars yearly. There are certain customers of mine who are placed under a careful espionage from the time they appear in the store until they are gone. There have been cases in my experience where I knew that there was going to be something stolen. We would simply allow the valuables to be taken, send the bill to the father or husband and it would be paid. It is a notorious fact that sometimes a whole family will be thus diseased, for with them it amounts to a disease."

"What class of people do you watch the closest?"

"All alike. I have seen the richest and most reputable people steal and act in other ways dishonestly. Let me tell you of an incident that occurred to me once. I was a young man then and a clerk in Tiffany's.

One morning a richly-attired lady got out of her handsome carriage and entered the store. She walked to the diamond department and asked to be shown some loose gems. She selected two valuable solitaires and paid for them. Thinking my attention was called in another direction, she slyly but rapidly took a stone and placed it in her mouth. I saw the theft, but hardly knew what to do. Calling a messenger, I sent for our business-manager, and told him what had happened. Without an outburst he simply said: 'Madame, you have made a mistake. You have one of our diamonds in your mouth. Will you return it without an exposure?' The next moment she gave a gulp, and I knew the gem was had gone. She had swallowed it. Of course, we were in a dilemma. The lady became indignant, and threatened suit and violence at the hands of her husband."

"What did you do?"

"Sent the bill with a written explanation to the husband. The next day he paid us a visit. He said that he believed there was a mistake, but that he could not afford an exposure."—*Jeweller's Weekly.*

Hello, John Chinaman, Hello.

The Chinese government has signed a decree giving a syndicate of Philadelphia capitalists, of which Col. Wharton Barker is foremost, the absolute control for 50 years of the telephone business throughout the empire.

The negotiations were made by Mr. Barker with the Chinese minister at Washington and by Count Mitkiewiez, a Russian nobleman, with Li Hung Chang, the Chinese viceroy. Government envoys empowered to close the contract will accompany Count Mitkiewiez to America.

It is said that the half dozen intimate friends whom Mr. Barker took into confidence advanced $10,000 each to start the project. The Chinese government agrees to take one-half the stock of the new company, and the Americans believe they have so good a thing that there will be no trouble in raising funds for the other half. A party of seven men, with wire and other material for a line of 100 miles in length, is now at work in the empire, and the work will be pushed and the lines extended as rapidly as possible. A large European and American population, not only in the coast cities, but in the interior, is making such inroads upon the Chinese modes of business that the telephone has become a necessity.

Not Honored at Home.

As water seeks its level, so does the village instinctively tend to maintain a certain moral and intellectual uniformity. The man of exceptional ability is sooner or later expelled by the body politic. He is mistrusted, disliked and finally ostracized. Nor is he himself slow to take the hint to depart. He perceives that there is nothing for him to do at home. He forges restlessly about, hither and thither, trying first this and that and effecting only mischief; everybody surmises an evil destiny for him; he puts on his hat and departs, in despair or anger; and presently the world recognizes and celebrates his genius. But his native village never swells the chorus of praise. They have known him from a baby; he cannot humbug them! Did he not steal apples from Farmer Hoyt's orchard? Was he not the the slowest hand at a spelling match in school? Did he not jilt Mary Jane after everybody had agreed that he would marry her? Go to, then! Can such a fellow as that invent a navigable air ship or write a classic book, or create a successful railroad? He is only Jack Smith, after all is said and done, and, among those who know him, will always have a Jack Smith reputation.—*American Magazine.*

Senator Sherman's Daughter.

There is a paragraph going the rounds that Senator Sherman's one child is a daughter named Mary, who last year for the first time entered society in Washington. Mr. and Mrs. Sherman have no children of their own and never had. The circumstances of the adoption many years ago of this young girl were somewhat remarkable.

The senator and his wife one day were visiting an orphan asylum, when this little child, then almost an infant, seemed to take a great fancy to the senator and would hardly consent to have him go away. This touched a man who is naturally stern and cold in his manner.

The result was a sudden resolve to adopt her, and the senator and his wife took the child home with them, where she has ever since been treated as their own daughter.

LOVE MAKES THIS WORLD GO ROUND

Yet Romantic Love Began Only 613 Years Ago, and Even Now is at Home Only in England and America.

Like a thunderbolt from a clear sky comes Henry T. Fink's "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty" at a season when of making many books there is a great let up. So exhaustively and yet so brightly has Mr. Fink treated his subject that his work will doubtless take its place in literature with those authorities on any given subject, like Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," Izaak Walton's "Complete Angler" and Dr. Moore's work on "Suicide."

Let us push the first metaphor a little further and say that Mr. Fink has given us a whole electrical storm. This is his first thunderbolt: Dante was the first man to express romantic love in literary form and Shakespeare in "Romeo and Juliet," first gave that love the dominant place in poetry. Dante himself, at nine years of age, was the first person to feel the ethereal, the supersensual side of love. Modern love, then, was born but 613 years ago. This theses the author defends at length, going over all the literature of the ancients and examining critically each author who treats of love in any of its manifestations.

Courtship, according to Mr. Fink, exists in its perfection only in two countries—England and America. Romantic love, as distinguished from conjugal love, depends for its very existence on a more or less prolonged period of courtship. Where this is absent, love is absent, as among the ancient nations and those of the moderns who lock up their women until they are ready to be sold to a husband at sight. Again, he argues, conjugal love is better for the persons who share it; but romantic love has the best effects in making beautiful children.

The first love was that of the mother for her children, and this love was increased on the face of the earth—see what a Darwinian Mr. Fink is!—because the children who received the longest and tenderest care were the best fitted to fight life's battles. Next came paternal love, which had a similar origin. Then followed conjugal love as the result of sexual selection and the conflict and jealousy among males. Friendship, a still later growth, was the pale semblance of the romantic love which was to come centuries after the birth of friendship in the world's history.

As a matter of fact—and, first of all, Mr. Fink is a writer of facts—romantic love usually perishes after marriage. This is usually the fault of the married woman, because of her growing indifference to the desire to please. This state of affairs of course is not necessary, for "a clever woman can, by a judicious adaptation of the art of flirtation (to her conjugal relations) do much to keep alive the glowing coals of former romantic passion." Motherhood does not lessen a woman's charms. Married women at 30 are certainly handsomer than old maids at 30. If women grow stout and clumsy or thin and faded too soon, they do so by disregarding the laws of health. Even now there is coming about a change in taste in respect to a woman's age. The day of the debutante is about over; and the fuller attractions of maturity are about to have the ascendancy. George Sand and Balzac made fashionable in France the woman of 30 in love. Since then Spielhagen and Sacher-Masoch in Germany and Tolstoi in Russia have painted their own operation; and in English fiction the same tendency is to be observed. Then, too, the man of 35, who weds the woman of 30, is at the acme of physical attractiveness.

Words are the weakest and least trustworthy mode of expressing the amorous emotions. A fluent lover is seldom constant; but embarrassment is an infallible test of a man's sincerity. The woman side of embarrassment is coyness, so becoming to a woman. "Cupid is kinder to women. Instead of making them appear ludicrous, love has the power of transforming even a homely feminine face into a vision of loveliness by throwing a halo of tender exhalation around it. This wondrous metamorphosis effected by love is one of its greatest miracles, and to one who has seen the girl before, it instantly betrays her infatuation. This temporary transformation of commonplace into beautiful faces, this fusing and molding of the features into forms of voluptuous and enchanting expression, is of extreme psychologic interest; for it shows that, after all, the exalted, extravagant image of her perfections in the lover's mind is not purely imaginary. It is not so much owing to a difference of taste that he loves her more than others do, as because she actually *does* look more beautiful when her eyes are fastened on him than when looking at any other man."

"Kissing, the culminating form of the language of love, is unknown to most savages, and in mediæval Europe it lost almost all its significance and savor through its promiscuous employment. In 16th century England, kissing on the mouth was well nigh as prevalent and permissible as handshaking is at the present day. A hundred years later Bunyan condemned the practice, sourly inquiring 'why the men only saluted the most handsome and let the ill-favored alone?' Kissing was so far in those days from going by favor that it was exacted as a right due to every man of a certain social status. We have the proof in a story here cited of the cardinal or Lorraine, who became exceedingly irate when a Portuguese princess, married to the duke of Savoy, offered him her hand to kiss, thus showing her preference for the modest customs of her own country over those of France.

"'How, madame,' cried he, 'am I to be treated in this manner? I kiss the queen, my mistress, who is the greatest queen in the world, and shall I not kiss you, a dirty little duchess?' Without more ado, he made for the lips of the princess, and despite her resistance, kissed her thrice on the mouth before he released her, with an exultant laugh."

Of course there must be disappointment for love. Are there cures for these pangs? Hear the doctor: "A short absence favors the idealizing process in the lover's mind. But allow sufficient time to pass over to fix the hyper-idealized image of the beloved in the memory, and a cure may be effected through the shock subsequently felt on comparing the image with the greatly inferior reality." Longfellow, who twice loved and married, said that it is "folly to pretend that one ever wholly recovers from a disappointed passion," but John Dryden has it that "all love, my dear, is cured by other passions love by other passions." Heine, too, declares, "Let women cure us of women," though he confesses that at best this is only "casting out devils with the aid of Beezlebub, prince of devils."

Mr. Fink thinks thinks that first love is not the best love, and it is well that this is so, "for in its most ardent form it is a fever so consuming that the strongest man would not be able to endure its mingled ecstacies and anguish for more than a few years. In his first love," says Mr. Fink, "Romeo had fallen in love with spectres rather than with an individual. Sexual selection or individual preference had come in rather as a matter of chance than of decisive final choice. So it is with most cases of first love. Man falls in love with woman, woman with man, not with a particular man or woman. Doubtless there is a Juliet for every man in the world; but it generally happens that she does not attend the same school, work in the same manufactory, or live in the same village, or belong to the same city clique as he does; so being less adventurous than Romeo, who went outside of his clique for a sort of exogamous marriage by capture, he weds his first love, that is, his Rosaline. This is one of the reasons why, even to-day, in England and the United States, so few cases of true romantic love are encountered outside of novels. Most marriages, in brief, are brought about not by love, but through accidental acquaintance or companionship.

Second love is generally best, because the mind has been expanding and growing, and age strengthens not only the intellect but the emotions as well. For his size, a boy may love as ardently as a man; but a man is bigger. . . . Very few men, if any, who are in love a second or third time sit in a corner to muse over the trantitoriness of passion till they become disgusted with life. On the contrary, they feel convinced that the preceding infatuation was not real indomitable love, such as they now experience toward Daisy No. 2, which second infatuation they *know*; almost as absolutely as the victim of calf passion, to be the genuine article; just as they *know* that no one ever before loved so deeply and devotedly. This naive self-confidence of the lover in the uniqueness and unprecedented ardor of his attachment is one of the sublime and ridiculous aspects of love."

There is much more of an equally entertaining nature in this book of Mr. Fink's—discussions of personal beauty in all its elements and of the means taken to enhance it. Altogether he has something to interest every one; for every one is a lover or a beloved one, or else has been or will be; or if not, is interested to know why not.

Easily Answered.

He suddenly began to laugh, and he kept it up until his wife got tired. When he was sufficiently recovered to articulate he said:

"My dear, something very funny has just occurred to me. Why are great writers, when they die, like little Bo Peep's sheep?"

"Because they leave their tales behind them," responded the lady, wearily.

"I guess I'll go around to the club," he said, gloomily consulting his watch.

KILLED BY HER CORSETS.

History of an Important Article of Feminine Wear—What Napoleon Thought of It—It Means Frivolity, and Heralds Decadence.

Thursday an inquest was held on a single woman, 52 years of age, residing in the Gloucester road, Regent's Park, who had died suddenly the preceding Sunday evening as she was leaving Park chapel. The house surgeon of the Northwest London hospital, who had made an examination of the body, testified before the coroner that she was a woman who had laced very tightly. In fact, she must at all times have found ordinary respiration a task of extreme difficulty, and ultimately, the lungs not being allowed free play, a blood vessel had burst, producing syncope and death. The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the evidence, and we are entitled to ask whether the most recent addition to the list of victims to tight lacing will have any influence in staying the prevalence of a barbarous and mischievous fashion. It is much, however, to be feared that all the homilies of the medical faculty, reiterated over and over again, will fail to persuade ladies that tight lacing is a sure means of ruining their health and very often has fatal results, while it will be quite as difficult to persuade the fair sex that the vast majority of sensible men look upon an "hour glass" or "wasp" waist as not only ugly, but ridiculous. The instrument of constriction applied to the chest was an invention of depraved vanity, with a view of giving to the female figure a supposed lightness which it ought not to possess, or to conceal some deformities which stays very frequently aggravate instead of allaying. Jean Jacques Rousseau, with all the power of his genius and all the warmth of the interest which he took in youth, exposed the lamentable corruption of taste which asserts that the figure is excellent in proportion to the waist. The philosopher of Geneva exercised more social influence perhaps in his time than any writer in Europe, and for a while stays went out of fashion in France. Stiff corsets were still worn by ladies of the old court, but sensible mothers came to a common agreement that their daughters should subject themselves to this voluntary punishment at as late a period as possible, and not until their wedding day were they allowed to wear stays. The Revolution swept away the corset altogether, as well as hoop petticoats; but stays again made their appearance toward the end of the First Empire. A very harmless affair, scarcely broader than the fasciæ mamillares of the Romans, was the imperial bodice, for waists were then worn excessively short, and the stays were without busks, stiff pieces of whalebone or steel plates. Modified, however, as they were, the strong common sense of Napoleon revolted against the reintroduction of the garment. "Corvisart," said the ruler, whose business it was to know everything, to his physician, "the corset is coquetry of the worst taste; it tortures women and maltreats their progeny; it means frivolity, it heralds decadence."

These words were full of sagacity, but when the mysterious decrees of fashion—decrees which are as occult as those of fate—brought about the revival of long waists, tight stays became once more the mode, and the female chest was bruised by that dreadful instrument of torment, the steel busk, which had originally been brought into France in 1532 by Catharine de Medicis. The busk was a long, flat, rigid strip of wood or whalebone, and sometimes of metal. The old surgeons, Roderick and Ambroise Pare, had inveighed against it; Montaigne and Biolau had laughed at it; the Abbe Collet had preached against it; and the Emperor Joseph had striven to drive it out of Austria by ordaining that all women leading immoral lives should wear stays with stiff busks. Medical warnings, satire, sermons, edicts of police, had all been in vain. In the present epoch although tight lacing is fearfully prevalent, and is slaying its thousands of silly votaries every year, the busk has ceased to be an instrument of torture, whereas the old busk, which was covered with chamois leather, could be made to slide in and out in a vertical tuck in the front of the stays. The modern busk is fastened and divided down the middle like the tree of a Mexican saddle; it is made of very flexible steel, which should give to every movement of the body, and "per se" it is a wholly innocuous portion of the corset. Fifty years ago a London staymaker named Mills introduced an improved formation of staymaking, the texture elastic, and wholly banishing upright pieces, but the greatest of evils escaped and continues to escape remedy. Neither all staymakers render the structure of the corset sufficiently narrow to allow of its being drawn at the back far too tight for the health of the wearer. Sensible ladies leave the permanent lacing of the interval at the back of their stays untouched. That interval, according to a high authority, should not be less than an inch in breadth, so as to leave a certain column uncovered by the corset. Ladies, however, who lack common sense, strain, tug, pull, and haul at the lacing at the back of their stays, or they hold on to a horizontal bar put up in their dressing-room while their maids tug, pull, and haul at the stay laces until the requisite "hour glass" or "wasp" effect is produced. Are there any other results, it may be asked, from this elegant process of garroting the female form. There are a good many, and we will venture to enumerate a few. On the authority of the most eminent physicians and surgeons of the last two generations it may be stated that in the head tight lacing produces giddiness, headache, pain in the eyes, ringing in the ears, and bleeding at the nose. Habitual tight lacing will prevoke that most undesirable addition to the female complexion, a red nose. Tight lacing is quite as mischievous in the region of the thorax, to which it gives a false support, impeding the development of the natural support. It displaces the bones deranges the circulation, induces neuralgia in many glands, and ultimately cancer; and it is a tolerably sure provocative of lung disease, palpitation of the heart and water in the chest. In the abdominal region tight lacing may be reckoned with tolerable confidence to bring about loss of appetite, squeamishness, indigestion, induration of the liver, melancholia, dropsy and rupture. Campin closely followed Soard in this style of stay-lacing; Boaud said that it led to polypus; Planner maintained that to tight-lacing mothers unhealthy children were born; Joseph warned the lovers of stiff corsets that their children would be ugly; Wormes remarked that one of the trifling inconveniences of tight lacing was swollen feet; and Winslow showed that there was an intimate connection between tight lacing, curvature of the spine and hunchback.

A Substitute for Prayer.

A minister who is at present sojourning amid the verdure clad hills of Greenbush, N. Y., tells the following: Somewhere in the country a number of ministers were wont to meet together on stated days, for purposes pertaining to their calling. As might be supposed, each meeting was opened with prayer. But one day they met at the house of a brother who had a stock of excellent cigars, which he passed around freely. Soon all the brethren were puffing away, and before they knew it they had taken up the business of the meeting. Suddenly one of them remembered the forgotten prayer and suggested that somebody make up for lost time. But one of the others was equal to the occasion. "Never mind now, Brother X——," he said; "we have opened this meeting by offering up incense. Let that suffice."

Doggie Scratching His Own Back.

It is about as difficult for a dog to get a really satisfactory scratch at his back as it is for a one-armed man to rub his elbow. But dogs are ingenious, and one on State street has solved the great question. In front of his master's store is an old stone hitching-post which time and the weather have made rough and scaly. Proceeding to this the dog sits down, throws himself backward till he is leaning against the post, and then proceeds to rub his back as cleverly as a longshoreman or one of the ancient Scots who used to bless the Duke of Argyll. The expression on his face as he goes through the performance is worth a trip down State street to see.—*Hartford Courant.*

An Ambergris King.

William A. Atkins, of Provincetown, Mass., is in control of the ambergris trade of this country. He is the owner of a fleet of Cape Cod whalers. During the last few years these vessels have secured a large percentage of the ambergris which has been brought to market. As good ambergris is worth more per ounce than gold, Mr. Atkins has enjoyed a neat little monopoly. Though he is nearly 70 years of age he does not look more than 50. He is a man of intelligence and is very charitable.

Only $5 for a Lot!

Buy a lot in St. Augustine, Fla., for $5 now while you can. This popular Winter resort is rapidly being built up with hotels, business blocks and hundreds of villas. The Ponce De Leon Hotel alone is costing $3,500,000. Mr. Flagler, of the Standard Oil Co., is the owner of same. $5 invested now will soon be worth $100. Parties out of the city can remit by Post-office Order or Draft stating in whose name deed shall be made, no charge for deeds or Notary fees. For plats and full information call on or address,

R. GRAUMAN, 14 Arcade, Cincinnati, O.

THIS IS MY STORY.

Shall I Ever Again Enjoy Life?—How a Friend Came to My Rescue.

My trouble was dyspepsia, impure blood and inactivity of the Kidneys and Liver. My disordered stomach loathed food. Darting pains in the back and shoulders made it almost impossible for me to rest. I was advised by a Friend to try Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Presently my appetite improved and I felt strong. The poison and disease had been entirely driven out of me. My stomach was less sour. The pain and soreness left my back and side. I have not felt a sign of the trouble since. For all complaints of the skin, blood, liver and kidneys there is no medicine equal to Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.—Wm. Halstead, of Seamen's Express, 53 Harrison St., New York.

Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is for sale by druggists; price one dollar. Send two cent stamp to Dr. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y., for illustrated book—how to cure Kidney, Liver and blood disorders. Mention this paper.

FACTS CONCERNING TINFOIL.

A Mammoth Industry in Which Every User of Tobacco is Interested.

"What was that he threw away?"

"Oh, only a piece of tinfoil from his tobacco."

Only a piece of tinfoil. Did you ever consider how large a manufacture of that article, apparently of so little value, is carried on? Will you believe it when you are told that more than 1,000,000 pounds of the foil are used annually to cover the smoking and chewing tobacco manufactured in the United States alone? The method of making it is interesting. The tin is of course first taken out of the mines, the best of which for this purpose are in Australia and the Dutch possessions of the East Indies. The metal is found in veins or fissures called lodes, though it is also often found in a dispersed form in loose stones, which when found continuously are called streams. The rock containing the ore is blasted with gunpowder and carried to the stamping mill, where it is pounded and washed. It is next smelted and the tin run into blocks containing from 200 to 100 weight each. This is the condition in which the metal is kept for ordinary use. Two means are used to reduce it to the necessary thinness. The old manner of hammering by hand after first being cut is still used to a great extent. By this process, however, only one surface could be produced, and to obviate this difficulty rolling mills were invented. Prior to their invention nearly all the tinfoil was imported, but their use has completely revolutionized the trade. The metal is now placed between two heavy rollers, which gives it a finished surface on both sides. It is then cut into widths of from 12 to 13 inches, rolled upon wooden reels and carried to cutting machines where it is cut according to order. It is then packed in boxes of 100 lbs. each, being laid in without pressure. There is another difference between the foil which is beaten and that which is rolled. The former is full of small holes, but the foil to be used for tobacco wrappers must be airtight.

Moody on Prayer.

At one of his Northfield meetings Monday, Mr. Moody, who was preaching about "Prayer," said: "Man may pray like a saint, but if he has a dollar in his pocket not acquired honestly, his prayer is a sham, and he must make restitution if he expects ever to have God near his prayer." Thereupon, a merchant from Dallas, Tex., rose in the audience and told a story that emphasized this point. He had, he said, got dishonestly from men in his business, some $5,500, and had built a house with the money. Then Mr. Moody happened along and preached on this subject of restitution, and the merchant was present. "I heard you," he said, pointing to Mr. Moody, "and I went out into the street conscience-stricken. I went straight home and told my wife that we must sell that house and restore the money. And we did. We held an auction and sold our carpets, our laces, our furnisure, all left us, and with the proceeds we made restitution." The man then told how he and his wife started again in life with nothing, and how he had prospered. His credit, his prosperity had never been as good.

What Guards the Cave?

In the Squaw Peak Range, A. T., is a cave which no prospector has the nerve to attempt to explore on account of it being guarded by a ghost. In the entrance sits a thing that looks like the corps of an Indian woman. In 1868 a party of whites found the cave filled with Tonto Indians, whom they attacked and murdered. Since then no one has the courge to try to enter the cave because of the thing that sits in the door. Last week George Matthews and his partner, named McCloud, being in the range, concluded to have a look at the Squaw Cave, not having any faith in the stories told of it. The cave is situated under the highest butte of the Squaw Peak range. They found it, and just took one look at the thing sitting in the mouth. Matthews declares that there is not enough money in Maricopa county to pay him to go there again, and his partner, McCloud, has not stopped running since—at least he has not been seen since that time.

A Lovers' Question Settled.

A young man courted a young woman in Mis ouri, engaged to marry her, and put upon her finger an engagement ring. Three months later he told the girl he had changed his mind, was in love with another woman, and that he would not marry her. The young woman, with many tears and complaints at his treatment, returned the ring to her faithless lover, and then began a suit for breach of promise of marriage. The defendant claimed that by surrendering the ring the lady had released him from his promise. But the Supreme court of Missouri decided that the surrender of the ring by the plaintiff, wrung from her by the actions of the defendant, could not be tortured into an agreement on her part to rescind the contract for marriage. All she could do was to accept the situation, and seek for compensation in damages such as the law might give her. The Supreme court of Missouri is clearly a level-headed and sound tribunal.

Our New Vessels.

If fates are propitious the United States navy will have some vessels ere long—five new and valuable vessels. Two of these are gunboats, which will have a speed of sixteen knots, and will each carry halt a dozen high-power steel breech-loading six-inch rifle guns. The other three are cruisers of 4,084 tons displacement, each carrying twelve six inch guns, one of them going eighteen knots and the other two nineteen knots. In the case of the two latter the securing of this exceptionally high speed is aided by a stipulation that for every quarter knot below it the sum of $55,060 shall be deducted from the contract price, while for every quarter knot above it the sum of $50,000 shall be added.

House Gowns.

There are 60-cent India silks on the market which are being bought up by wealthy ladies and used for tea gowns, night dresses and house robes. The goods are 23 inches wide, almost as fine as tissue, and wash like muslin. The ground is generally cream or white, delicately colored with fine blossoms. Made after a Fedora pattern with a trailing skirt, and worn over a mother or sister a being of beauty presiding at a dinner or tea table. For $1.25 there are brocaded patterns and moire stripes which are admirable for regular tea gowns. The demand for those house robes has become so great as to force dealers to run pattern pieces of seven yards, which, with a skirt of some plain silk or stuff, will suffice for a robe.

Not Taking In Washing.

A gentleman came into Sumter, Ga., and was requested by a pretty little "school marm" to call at a certain store for a bundle and carry it back for her. The gentleman did as requested, got the bundle and gave it to the lady, who was very profuse in her thanks. Tuesday the same gentleman had occasion to visit the city, and the pretty little lady met him with smiles and requested him to return the bundle to the major, with her compliments, and to inform him that she "was very thankful for his kind intentions, but that she was not taking in washing this week." The major opened the bundle and found half a dozen dirty shirts that he thought were in the hands of his washerwoman. He wilted at the sight.

A Queer Insect.

There is on exhibition in New York a flower called the "insect catcher." Its petals are white, and it is about the size of an apple blossom, which it somewhat resembles. Its interior formation is such that the proboscis of any insect, searching for the flower's honey, once inserted, cannot be withdrawn, and the harder the captured insect struggles the tighter it is held. One of the plants on view held captive a butterfly which, unless released, will be held till it starves to death. It will then dry up and be blown away by the wind. They ought to cultivate such flowers in summer hotels where mosquitoes abound.

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County or State Rights for Sale Cheap.
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UNEQUALLED COMMISSION GIVEN.
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IF you want to keep posted on the boom in Southern California; if you would like to know more of the country, its resources and its advantages, subscribe for the **South Riverside Weekly Bee**, South Riverside, Cal. $1.50 per year in advance. Send for sample copy.

Publishers' Column.

THE NEW BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

We call attention to our new advertisement of the Blade Sewing Machine. Every particular is fully set forth in the advertisement. We desire to add, however, that we are prepared to ship machines at once, the very day we receive the order, and we are preparing to take care of heavy orders during the coming fall months.

TO TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

Important and Effective Helps—Two Indispensable Documents.

At the request of thousands of Temperance organizations, we have printed and have ready for delivery, the following important documents:

1. **What was that he threw away? Being the truthful result of a tour through Maine, by D. R. Locke, Editor of the Blade. An impartial, truthful presentation of the subject, and every line a fact.**
2. **The Effect of Beer upon the Human System, being the testimony of Ten of the Most Eminent Physicians of Toledo, Ohio, as to the effect of Lager Beer, showing how the use of the stuff affects the various organs of the Human body.**

These documents are printed in eight large pages each, and should be circulated every where in the United States. No more telling matter was ever printed, and no more useful help was ever devised in the great work of "Pulverizing the Rum Power."

Prohibition Committees, Temperance organizations, open and secret, should spread them by the million.

We furnish them at cost of printing, posting, and packing, as follows:

10,000 lots	$30 00
1,000 lots	5 00
500 lots	4 00
100 lots	1 00

Sample dozen, by mail, post-paid, 25 cents. Single copies each, 5 cents.

Order at once and spread the light. If yo want your neighbor to know exactly what Prohibition has done for Maine send for the leaflet on that subject, and if you want him to know what Beer is doing for the world send for the other. Both should be circulated by the million.

Address, (enclosing cash,) BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Temperance Cartoons—To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions have been sold all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as follows:

No. 1.—Do you see any good coming out of it?

No. 2.—Which way would you have your Boy Go?

No. 3.—Which way would you have your Girl Go?

No. 4.—In which village would you bring up your Children?

No. 5.—This Farmer never drank Whisky. This Farmer drinks all he can get.

These pictures are the most effective instructors that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in property, wife and children, so sharply that he who runs may read, and understand as well. Millions of them have been pasted up in shops, on fences and dead walls, where they may be seen of men, and millions more should be.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

Three copies of either	6 cents.
Six copies	10 cents.
Twenty-five copies	30 cents.
One Hundred copies	One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

Send in your orders immediately, and paste them up where they will do the most good.

A VALUABLE BOOK FOR FARMERS WIVES.

Fruit, Pastes and Syrups: By Shirley Dare. No. I of House Interest series.

Thousands of readers tested this manual last year and agree that few books have more interest and value for housekeepers and fruit growers. The new edition, 1887, bespoken before it went to press, has added recipes, giving fullest methods of keeping fruit. Canning without wax or patent covers; crystallizing fruit which sells at 50 to 60 cents a pound; the best way of making orange marmalade, and the new fruit honey without sugar, as fine as maple syrup. This one discovery, on which the author was first to experiment in this country, must double if not treble the profits of the fruit crop.

No fruit grower can afford to be without this book. Sent post-paid for 25 cents.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published nine different portraits, which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

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These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	80
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Ladies' Shield, 50c; gents', 25c; both, 50c. 40 photos for gents, 10c. J. O. Hanson, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED—To sell goods as staple and saleable as flour. Large profits. Permanent trade. Send stamp for samples, etc. Box No. 1,101, New Haven, Conn.

C. G. WERNER'S ALKALINE
Will effect a permanent cure in all cases of
RHEUMATISM.
Result 9 cts. to secure a sample and testimonials. I have tried many medicines, and none but this **German Remedy** cured me. PHIL. PFEIFFER, Agent, Sedalia, Mo.

Every Boy!
Should read this Advertisement.

DEAR BOY:—Send us your name and address, and we will mail to you a letter, showing how you can make from 40 cents to $1.20, spending money, *every Saturday afternoon*, between now and Christmas-time. In replying to this advertisement, address your answer to REV. J. HENRY SMYTHE, D. D., care of Messrs. Doliber, Goodale & Co., Proprietors of "Mellin's Food," Nos. 40, 41, 42 & 43 Central Wharf, Boston, Mass.

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A GRAND IMPROVEMENT
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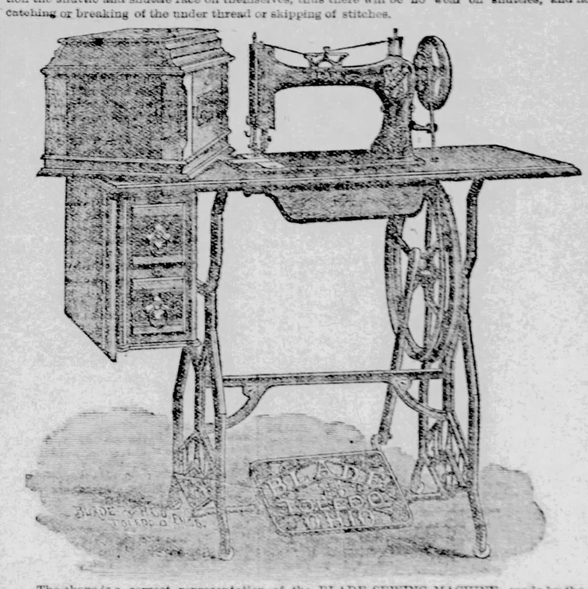
Blade Sewing Machine.

For several months we have had some of the best and most experienced Sewing Machine experts in the country at work on the Blade Sewing Machine. We are happy now to announce that the result is a WONDERFUL IMPROVEMENT in the machine over the style previously made. We have changed and improved the Face Plate, Thread Guide, Lifter, Needle Bar, Needles, put in a new lined Shuttle Carrier and Shuttle to match it. But above all we have fitted anew Presser Foot, which entirely does away with the old Cloth Presser, Spring, Lifter and Wires around the Needle. These improvements still further simplify the operation of the BLADE MACHINE, render it much quieter, easier to thread and manage. In addition we have placed in each machine an automatic lubricator for the shuttle, so that with only a little occasional attention the shuttle and shuttle race oil themselves, thus there will be no wear on shuttles, and no catching or breaking of the under thread or skipping of stitches.



The above is a correct representation of the BLADE SEWING MACHINE, made by the Blade Company, at its own factory, for the sole purpose of breaking the crushing monopoly in the most useful of all domestic helps.

It is the simplest and most useful Sewing Machine ever put on the market.

It will do any and all the work that can be possibly wanted in any family.

It will stitch heavy seams, or work from thin to thick goods better and faster than any other machine ever made.

It is a marvel of simplicity. It is light running, and the improved machine is very quiet.

It has a double upper feed, feeding equally on both sides of the needle, and does not pucker the lightest and softest goods, and is specially adapted for felt goods or going over heavy seams.

It has the new self-setting needle. It is so simple and always ready.

It is tasteful in design, handsomely ornamented, well finished, and the wood work, while plain, is very neat, and is substantial and durable.

During the past five years nearly FIVE THOUSAND BLADE SEWING MACHINES have been sold to all parts of the Union, nearly all of the old style, and EVERY ONE of the improved machines are giving the best of satisfaction, in proof of which we have thousands of testimonials similar to the following:

DOWNS, KAN.

The machine I sent for has arrived, and so far as tried gives satisfaction, and I think it is fully as good as recommended in the Toledo BLADE.
MRS. L. J. COBLE.

JEFFERSON CITY, MO.

Machine arrived in good order. Think it will prove all that you claim for it.
A. M. SWIFT.

BUELINGAME, KAN.

My machine has come. It got here the 13th of this month, and I must say I was surprised to see so good a machine. I am proud of it. I got it for my little daughter, and she is pleased with it. The women come from all directions to see it, and all are pleased with it. I think it will be the cause of several sales in this part of the country. A man came to me in town the other day, when I had my machine on the wagon, and said: "You had better send that machine back, for it is no good." I asked him if he was a machine agent, and he said

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON - - - - EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

TO EARN MONEY.

BY EMILY S. BOUTON.

"Turn your hand to that which you can do best, no matter how homely it may be," is the advice I always feel moved to give to women who come or write to me, asking what they shall do to earn a little spending money, or to find themselves and their families in bread and butter. That is rarely the advice they desire, but when it is accepted, success almost invariably follows.

This bread-getting is not a matter of pleasure in an occupation alone, but it is what will pay, what does the public need. Every day wants are the most imperative, and the money will be forthcoming for them when anything that appeals only to the taste is refused.

I could not help thinking of this when reading over a paragraph relating to an establishment in Boston the other day. It is not very old, but it answers to what newspapers facetiously call a long-felt want. And what do my readers think it is? Nothing more nor less than a place where people may take their clothes to be mended, or if anything more is needed in the way of renovation, it may be done. A very flourishing business has been built up, for in every large city there is an army of business men and women who cannot avoid a great deal of waste in the matter of clothing, because of their inability to take a stitch in time. In the case of the masculine it is usually sex disability—they have never been taught to mend—while women have frequently neither the strength nor the leisure to do what is needful.

Take the one thing of stockings alone. Many young men and some women, wear a pair until holes come in them and then they are tossed away and new ones put on. To be sure a cheap quality may be purchased, but even then the sum total in a year is large, much greater than it would be if a really good article could be bought in the beginning, and then properly taken care of.

The same thing is true of other articles of apparel, so that an establishment like the one mentioned is a God-send to these busy workers. It is called a Mending Bureau and there is connected with it a laundry and a dye house. The following is a description:

Work is done here for both men and women, though it is especially useful, of course, to bachelors and other lonely men who have no one to keep their clothing in order for them. Wearing apparel to be mended will be taken to the bureau or called for on postal card order, and put into thoroughly good condition again. The linen is washed and done up, missing buttons are replaced, stretched-out buttonholes reduced to their proper size, worn cuffs and collars turned, tapes and strings renewed, gaping holes in the stockings filled up, while the outer clothing is cleansed, dyed, pressed, darned, patched or otherwise attended to as it may need. These things are all done at a very moderate price—a pair of socks darned for five cents, unless too far gone—and other things in proportion, the price being fixed in most instances by the length of time which the task requires. Frequently also the bureau has a contract with gentlemen to press, repair and keep in order their clothing by the year or month, the principle being the same as that by which the Chinese pay their physicians to keep them well. The bureau has its branch establishments in the suburbs and different portions of the city, so that patrons living at a distance may be easily accommodated. There are numberless busy men and women for whom the bureau will save many dollars in the course of a year. "A stitch in time saves nine," according to the proverb, and mending the ravages of wear and tear upon one's clothing saves a good deal else at the same time.

It is not, however, necessary that the business should be carried on upon so large a scale. The work might be confined to repairing, and one who was a neat workwoman would soon find all she could do.

I remember hearing of a lady who was left a widow with two small children. She had never done anything to earn money, had simply been a good housekeeper, with no special accomplishment but that of mending. Her mother had taught her when a child to do that with neatness and despatch. A friend sugested to her in her extremity that she might possibly turn this talent to account. She tried, and succeeded, and is now earning a good living. I spoke, I believe of this same incident, in my series of papers upon "Woman's Work" in the BLADE two or three years ago.

It is not necessary to live in a large city to get work to do in this line. Wherever are young men in business, who are single and away from home, there is this kind of repairing to be done. There are a great many housekeepers who look with dismay at the piles of mending which each week brings, and would be glad to pay a skilful hand to do it for them. This class might possibly be better suited by having some one who was trusty and capable come to the house once in so often, each week or perhaps at longer intervals. It would not be hard work, monotonous it may be, but there is nothing steadily pursued of which this may not sometimes be said.

There are other things which an enterprising woman with skill and ingenuity might do in much the same way. For instant, she might become the family milliner, going at certain seasons of the year from house to house and manufacturing hats and bonnets by the day. To be successful in this she must keep herself well posted as to style, and be able to produce as pretty and fashionable head gear as that bought at the shops. That her work would be in requisition goes without saying, for she could use material which was already in the house and could be had at the opportune moment, when new would be employed at the regular establishment. Her charges might readily range from three to five dollars a day, depending much upon the size of the city where she is working. Of course the rush would be at certain seasons of the year, and the fact that there would be times that she would have little or nothing to do would be the only drawback, but it is for this very reason that she could charge for a day's work what might seem a large price. Yet even as such a price, her employers could save money, as every woman can readily understand. We have peripatetic dressmakers in shoals,—no more than is needed, however—but I have heard of but one or two milliners who go from house to house, through a round of regular customers.

Speaking of dressmaking recalls another thought. A woman who has real artistic taste in dress might earn a good income by simply designing costumes, these designs to be carried out by others. Employed in different families, the members of which were known to her, she could soon learn their peculiarities of person, and adapt her thought to each individual. Instructed as to material, purpose, etc., of each dress, she could get the designs ready in advance of the arrival of the dressmakers who were to put her plans into execution and all that would be needed from he would be a final inspection to see that the details were carried out perfectly. To be successful in this would require fine artistic taste, a quick eye, and a good judgment in the way of adapting designs to the purses as well as persons of her employers.

It would not be of the slightest avail to attempt any of these things, unless skill and an ambition to do the very best work are brought into play. The repairing must be neat beyond criticism; the bonnets and hats tasteful, and the dresses stylish and becoming, or the old ways will be followed, and the attempted money making a failure.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

A Fancy Scarf.—Cut a yard and a half of China silk of the blue which has a touch of green in it. Cut out plush or velvet crescents, crimson or green, hem on and edge with tinsel cord. To each point of the crescent fasten small rings, over which has been crocheted a silk cover, and then fasten a bunch of silk floss in each to form a tassel. Put two rows of these crescents across one end, after first fringing it up or a depth of two inches. Across the other end have two bands of the velvet, and edge them with the rings and tassels. This will be very handsome of two colors of velvet, a dark blue and a green, of shades that will harmonize with the China silk.

A Pin Cushion.—Make a long bag of Swiss muslin, or of any soft white goods that is fine and not too thick. It should be at least 18 inches long by 5 inches wide. Now, have two cushions ready covered with silesia—any color that is preferred—each 5 inches by 6 inches. Before sewing up the bag trim each end across with a broad satin ribbon which has been painted or embroidered, or put on a number of parallel rows of narrow ribbon. Then sew up one end and side of the bag, and slip the two bags in. Fasten the other end across. Then tie a ribbon in the space between the bags, making loops in profusion, and one longer than the rest to hang the cushion up by. The ends may be trimmed across with a frill of lace if desired.—ED.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crochet Abbreviations—ch, chain; loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; el ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Double Rose-leaf Edging.—Cast on 34 stitches.—1st row—k 2—fagot—k 3—n—k 2—o—k 1—o—n—o—o—k 2—n—k 4—n—k 2—o—k 1—o—n—o—o—k 1—fagot. 3d row—k 2—fagot—k 2—n—k 2—o—k 3—o—n—o—n—o—k 2—n—k 2—n—k 2—o—k 3—o—n—o—k 1—fagot. 5th row—k 2—fagot—k 4—n—k 2—o—k 5—o—n—o—n—o—k 2—n—k 2—o—k 5—o—n—o—n—o—k 1—fagot. 7th row—k 2—fagot—k 6—n—k 2—o—n—o—k 1—o—n—o—k 2—n—k 2—n—k 1—n—o—k 2—o—n—o—n—fagot. 9th row—k 2—fagot—k 5—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—k 3—o—k 2—n—k 2—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—fagot. 11th row—k 2—fagot—k 4—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—k 5—c—k 2—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—fagot. Purl every other row. Fagot means over twice and purl 2 together.

Double Rose-leaf Insertion.—Cast on 27 stitches.—1st row—k 3—o—n—o—k 5—o—n—p 1—k 1—n—k 3—o—k 2—o—n—p 1. 2nd row—k 3—o—n—p 6—k 1—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 1—p 6—k 2—o—n—p 1. 3d row—k 3—o—n—o—k 5—o—k 3 tog—p 1—k 3 tog—o—k 5—o—k 2—o—n—p 1. 4th row—k 3—o—n—p 8—k 1—p 8—k 2—o—n—p 1. 5th row—k 3—o—n—o 2—k 1—n—p 1—n—k 1—o—n—k 3 tog—o—k 1—n—p 1—n—k 2—o—n—p 2—k 1—p 1. 6th row—k 3—o—n—o—k 1—n—p 3—k 1—p 7—k 1—p 3—k 3—o—n—p 1. 7th row—k 3—o—n—o—k 1—o—k 1—n—p 1—n—k 3—n—p 1—n—k 1—o—k 1—o—k 2—o—n—p 1. 8th row—k 3—o—n—o—n—p 5—k 1—p 5—k 2—o—n—p 1.—CARRIE BUTLER.

Knitted Shirt.—Make of Germantown wool, with bone or gutta percha needles. It is made in stripes crocheted together. A lb. of wool is the average amount required for an ordinary shirt. For a stripe 6 to up 24 stitches.—1st row—p; 2d row—p. 3d row—t o—k 9—slip 1—k 2 tog—put slipped stitch over—k 9 p; 4th row—t t o—k p; all the rest alternately like 3d and 4th rows. Make the stripes ⅔ of a yd. long; then crochet them together with the short crochet stitch, taking up the stitch that is thrown over, thus making a row of holes on either side of the stripe. Put a band around the bottom, four long stitches, one chain, one short stitch, one chain, four long stitches, and so on. Then around the top (filling in the knitting to suit the size of the person), crochet a yoke in short stitch, make it about six inches deep, leaving two fingers in the back for opening, and crochet a scallop on one side. Put a muslin band. P means plain.

Shoulder Cape.—The directions for crocheting a shoulder cape having been asked for several times, the following is given as one way: First row—make a chain of 100 stitches; crochet once across plain, then crochet 2 s and 5 in shell; 2d row—2 s and 3 in shell; 3d row—4 s and 5 in shell; 4th row—5 s and 3 in shell; 5th row—5 s and 5 in shell; 6th row—5 s and 3 in shell; 7th row—5 s and 5 in shell; 8th row—6 s and 3 in shell; 9th row—6 s and 5 in shell; 10th row—7 s and 3 in shell; 11th row—7 s and 5 in shell; 12th row—8 s and 3 in shell; 13th row—8 s and 5 in shell; 14th row—9 s and 3 in shell; 15th row—9 s and 5 in shell; 16th row—10 s and 3 in shells; 17th row—10 s and 5 in shells; 18th row—11 s and 3 in shell; 19th row—11 s and 5 in shell; 20th row—12 s and 3 in shell; 21st row—12 s and 5 in shell; 22d row—13 s and 3 in shell; 23d row—13 s and 5 in shell. After you get 13 each side of the the shell, then you crochet 7 times across without widening—13 stitches—3 in shell. Then for fringe crochet 24 chain stitches, fasten in every third stitch, then next 24 chain, fasten in the half of 3 stitches, making the fringe 1½ stitches apart. S means stitch.—Mrs. M. LOCKE, Pittsfield, Mass.

Correspondence.

HOME LIFE.—"Lephina Z.," your article expresses my thoughts, only you didn't say half enough.

Husbands who read the HOUSEHOLD, why is it that you are disappointed in your wives after a few months or years, and do not show them the same respect, love and courtesy that you did during your honeymoon? Is it because we have grown cross, ugly, careless, uninteresting and unworthy? Being a woman, I cannot see myself as such, but for me, that will tell you how I see some men act, and then should be glad to hear from the other side. A happy couple start out in life together, each intending to do his or her very best to make and keep the other happy always. I know the husband works hard to support his wife and children, and comes home at night tired, and sometimes discouraged, sometimes sick. He don't know that the wife has been very busy all day too, has met with many trying difficulties and discouragements, is tired too, and perhaps sick with a headache or with some other ache, and that her work is not yet done. She still has the supper to get, the dishes to wash, the children to put to bed, if she has any, and she usually has—and most likely a dozen other things to do that must be attended to during the evening. She is so busy that she can not talk much unless it is about her work, until it is done. She has been lonely all day, and watched for her dear husband's coming, has tried to make the house, the children and herself look tidy, to please dear John; has tried to prepare such a meal as would taste good to John. She may prefer the meat cooked another way, or the vegetables prepared differently; but of course she must fix them to suit him. She couldn't eat them alone if she wished, but something has gone wrong, some one has called and bothered her, a caller or pedler or something else has hindered her a few minutes, the children have required her attention just when the cooking should have been seen to, something is overdone, when she wanted it just so, the meal is a little behind time when she tried to have it ready at precisely the right minute. Hubby scowls and eats in silence, or comments on the way his mother used to cook. Mother made the best pies, the best cake, the most delicious sauce, the sweetest pudding, and could cook meat and vegetables just so, while the bread was always so light and her butter so sweet. Why can't wife make good bread, pies, cake, etc.? If she tries to explain she simply reminds her that there's always something wrong.

Poor tired, discouraged woman goes on with her duties, longing, yearning, hungering for one word of sympathy. How a few words of praise or encouragement would cheer her, but no. Hubby is silent, or if he does speak, it is of politics or some other thing that is the last thing in the world to think once since her marriage; so busy has she been trying to have things to suit her husband, and he blames her because she don't know anything. She wants more convenient articles in the house, but she is afraid to ask for a cent to buy new ones with, for he thinks her wasteful, and she never has a cent, only what she does ask for. She knew very little of their financial circumstances, for he considers that his private business and does not trust and confide in her, so she skimps, turns, thinks and manages with as little as possible. Sunday comes once a week, but he never wants to go to church, so she must either stay at home with him or go alone like a friendless widow. Of course he wouldn't go so dry a place as prayer meeting. He don't care to go visiting; receptions, and parties are too expensive for him, she cannot accompany him to the lodge, so she must stay at home. He reminds her that home is the place for women. His mother or some other angel of perfection never believed in gadding about. Good women stayed at home and minded their own affairs, looked after their children, kept their houses clean, etc. So home becomes a prison to the lonely wife who is kept there day after day, week after week, and year after year. She has no pretty dresses, delicate ribbons and other articles of toilette. She is tired, discouraged and sick at heart. She cannot be cheerful, neat and pleasant. She would gladly sympathize with her husband in his every trial and discouragement if he would only give her a chance, but he won't. She would gladly help him in many little ways if he would only confide in and trust her, but he don't. She becomes nervous, fretful, cross, slovenly and may be careless. How can she help it; a heavy heart can not make light bread, a soured woman can not make sweet butter. No machine can do good work without a little oil now and then. A horse can not work well, and look fat, sleek and glossy, without proper food and care. If a plant can not thrive in the shading of why do husbands shut their wives up within four walls, denying them all luxuries and privileges, all human sympathy, and even the pleasure of worshipping God with His other children.

Some men are not like those I have described, but very many are all that, and much worse. Many sneers at their wives when they are sick because they grunt so much, when at the same time the selfish husband is the sole cause of their suffering.

Oh, husbands who never have a smile or a word of praise for your wife, who never want her to go any place, or at least do not take her; you who have a cross, fretful, fault-finding, careless and ugly wife, if you could only know how her heart aches and aches for a good word, a smile, or a little kind act from the one for whom she has given up all the world, all other hopes, associations and expectations; if you only knew how her head throbs and whirls over the constant worry and care that falls to her lot, for there are her dear children to train up fit for heaven, the household to look after, keep in running order all the time, and your own self to satisfy, you surely would love her a little more tenderly than you do. Many wives have good reason to think that they are not held in any higher esteem by their husbands than his horses, cows, or other property. Many women are only slaves to their husbands. How hard it is to see, after we have given our whole heart and trusted that the one we loved and trusted, that he cares nothing for us, except to satisfy his animal cravings, that he is ashamed of us, when he was once so proud, and still we try to do our duty by him till death shall release us from the chains that bind and gall us. Oh, men! will not you try to make those chains beautiful garlands of flowers by gentle links of love? Just for one month to be kind, to smile, to speak cheerfully, to confide your affairs to her, ask her to go to church with you, get her some little present on her birthday or Christmas, help her and try with all your might to please her, to encourage her. Take her out with you, and be kind. Just try this one month, if you don't grow young, pretty, gentle and happy. I will assure you that your home will be tidier, your wife neater, your children sweeter and your wife much pleasanter than it was before you tried. We try to do right and please you, but we cannot stand everything. Our ideas may be a little different from yours, our ways very unlike your mothers, your tastes somewhat different from your own; we are all created differently and cannot help it, but we do want to make home pleasant, agreeable and happy for our dear ones, and the husband is very dear to his wife. Please help us, instead of sneering, encourage, comfort and cheer us. God will reward you for the effort.—A CROSS, UGLY WOMAN

A GOOD LETTER ABOUT CAKE-MAKING.—In reading the BLADE this morning I was moved to sympathy by "Constant Sis's" account of her cake-making trials. Now many others may be better qualified to give her the instruction she needs, yet I am one of those who are considered "always lucky" in the matter of cookery, and since I am young perhaps I can realize what some of her trials are. In the first place I do what is usually considered very risky, i. e. make up my cake without my head, using my judgment, always remembering that there are certain general principles to be observed. For instance the more eggs and less shortening in a cake, the less flour it takes to keep it from falling, but the dryer the cake. More butter or wetting takes more flour and makes a richer, moister cake. Little butter and much milk makes a tough, plain cake. A cake made with molasses or sour cream, is moist and rich, but takes a great deal of flour. Unless one is used to sour milk and soda, it is quite difficult to have success; baking powder is much easier to cook with. The sugar and butter should always be creamed, (thoroughly mashed together). Granulated sugar, though best for ordinary cake, is not the best for cake baking, as it is very heavy and does not dissolve easily. "A" sugar, or the very soft sugar that is almost white, is the best. After the sugar and butter are creamed, put in the yolks of the eggs and the milk or other wetting spices or flavoring, then sift the measured flour and baking powder together, and put in as much as convenient without seeming stiff. Then thoroughly beat the whites and add last, and, if all the flour had not been used, add that. Do not bake too fast, for if browned before thoroughly done it will fall.

Here is a thoroughly reliable recipe for plain layer cakes: 3 eggs, 1 cupful sugar, 1 tablespoonful butter, 3 tablespoonfuls water, 1½ cupfuls flour with 1 heaping teaspoonful baking powder. If your flour is heavily packed, 1½ cupfuls is enough. By varying this recipe a little a nice tea cake can be made. Use a little more butter and two cupfuls of flour, or if a white cake is preferred, use the whites of 4 eggs and ½ a cupful of milk and two full cupfuls of flour. To ornament either of the cake is thick enough try a little in a patty pan; if it puffs up quickly and firmly it is right. You want to beat the whites of the eggs till you can hold the fork up and the eggs cling to it in masses. If possible have an egg beater. When the cake is well-risen and looks brown, take a clean broom splint or knitting needle and run carefully into the thickest part, if it comes out clean and dry, the cake is done. Do not jar the stove by slamming the oven doors, and handle the cake as gently as you would a baby, and do not look at it too often or you will cool the oven too much.

A moist, old-fashioned cake of sour cream may be made thus: Put enough soda in the cream to sweeten it, and add one cupful to a cup of cream, (if the cream is rich 1 cupful is enough.) Use the single cupful of sugar and 2 eggs, about 2½ cupfuls of flour, and a small teaspoonful of baking powder; flavor with vanilla. This makes a much lighter cake than to use just soda. A delicious ginger bread is made as follows: 1 cupful of molasses; 1 cupful of buttermilk or sour milk; ½ cupful of brown sugar, ⅔ cupful of butter, 2 eggs. Dissolve a teaspoonful and a half (level) of soda in a little boiling water and mix thoroughly with molasses and milk, cream the butter and sugar, beat the eggs together and mix all, then add a tablespoonful of ginger, or more if not strong, and cinnamon if you like it, and about 4 or 5 cupfuls of flour. Sour cream instead of the milk may be used with less butter and makes a richer cake.

A good and reliable sponge cake is made as follows: 1 cupful of powdered or light sugar, 3 eggs beaten thoroughly, juice of 1 lemon, 1½ cups flour; flavor with lemon extract. This is the easiest cake to bake that I know of. Will bake in a short time in an oven not very hot. I think I will not give any more instructions at present, and hope these hints may be of some use to you. In cooking, as any other work, practice and care makes perfect, and a nice light, plain cake is much more palatable than a rich, heavy one. I like what Miss Bouton says in regard to allowing familiarities from young men. I am young and unmarried, and yet I say to girls of 15 and 16 (and I think no girl ought to have a gentleman's company younger than that), if you do not wish to lay up for yourselves years of bitter regret, if nothing more, be on your dignity and never permit a caress that you will have to think of after you are engaged or married, with a blush. Learn to wait patiently, holding and guarding your heart and affections like some sacred treasure for the true love who will come to you some day, and do not imagine that each "new, untried fledgling" with an incipient dawning of a mustache, is the lord of your destinies. This is the prayerful and fervent advice of one of the girls who loves fun as well as you.—"SWEETBRIER."

Inquiries

Please give through the BLADE a cheap but good recipe for pone; also a recipe for apple dumplings (boiled or baked).—INQUIRER.

Will some member of the HOUSEHOLD please give most convenient size for ironing board, for family ironing? Have patent shirt board.—AN INTERESTED READER.

Seeing the brief description in the HOUSEHOLD by "Mair," of Northern California, I wish to inquire about the price of land there and in what county she lives. Also what is the best and nearest way of getting there, as my health demands a change of climate.—N. B. SMITH, Powell, Neb.

What will cure wild hairs in my eye lids? Tell me also what way to mix white wash so it will not rub off. I have seen white washed window sash that I could wash in suds and would not rub off. Also tell me how to prepare potatoes so as to keep them from sprouting for cooking in summer? And what would be good to cure a sprained ankle?—Mrs. SEWELL.

Will some one send a recipe to color turkey red on cotton, that will not fate. Such as the turkey red table cloths, and oblige a reader!

Will "Naomi" please send directions for covering stool, that she gave in the HOUSEHOLD of the BLADE of January 13? We did not take the BLADE then; will send stamp. Also if G. L. will send sample of crochet edging in June 9. Will return pattern or send stamp.—MRS. ELBERT HAYNES, Skidmore, Nodaway county, Mo.

Will some of the readers of the BLADE please answer the following questions: How to make preserves and jellies thick like those made at factories, and how to keep from moulding. Mine are always thin like water. How to get rid of moths. Where can I buy a small Breton sheep for children's pet?—MRS. C., Lykens, Pa.

What will remove black-heads from my face? How can I make a pretty inexpensive brush-broom case? What will cure sick headache? What will cleanse the blood? What will make my hair grow long? —A READER.

Will some of the readers of the BLADE give an old bachelor a recipe for pickling beans and making sweet cucumber pickles? Also a remedy for the fleas that infest our sod houses and give us no rest?—W. T., Keith Co., Neb.

Could any of the many readers of the BLADE tell me where I could get a good boy to raise, about 12 years old, as I have no children? Address—Box 320, Beloit, Wis.

We live in a log cabin and the roof is split logs, laid on the logs inside the house, there are two little gray bugs about one inch in diameter and shaped like a top, with a small hole in the bottom. Will some one inform me if they are worth anything as a curiosity, and whether it is an insect's nest, or what?—E. P., Elk Mountain, W. T.

I want to ask "Mair" where she lives. I would like to go to California or Oregon the first of October, and I don't know what part or place to go to. Now, who wants me for a neighbor? Don't all speak at once. Will some one send me a line and tell me of a good place. I am not one of the helpless kind, neither will I come empty-handed. If the lady who wants her hair bleached will send me an addressed envelope I will tell her how to bleach it without injuring the hair in the least. She can have it golden or pure white. There is no use to send it to the HOUSEHOLD for Miss Bouton, God bless her, would never let it be printed.—Mrs. E. F. DAVIS, Scotland, Bon Homme Co., Dak.

Answers to Inquiries.

Will you please give me through the HOUSEHOLD department of the BLADE a method for restoring the color to white kid? My wife has a pair of beautiful white kid slippers which has got slightly soiled. Will they have to be colored black, or can they be restored?—V. E. RANDALL.

Unless turned yellow from lying, they can be cleaned with benzine just as kid gloves are cleansed.—ED.

Suppose a person had a quilt on and a lady friend should drop in to spend the afternoon, would it be your place to ask her to help, or for her to offer her help?—EDITH.

Let her offer her assistance by all means. —ED.

I notice in the BLADE of August 4 that "ignorance" wants a remedy to take rust from a white dress. This is one I have tried: Take a lemon, cut it in two and squeeze the juice upon the rust, and it will soon fade away. Then take cold water and Ivory soap and wash the same, and you will be pleased with the result. Then wash in ordinary hot water, boil, rinse and starch and hang out to dry, and your dress will be as fresh when laundried as if new. Also the stains of iron rust upon same. —MRS. ETTA M. BAND, 107 13th st., Rock Island Illinois.

I will send Mrs. Y. my way of removing mildew: Wet the cloth and rub on soap and chalk mixed together, and lay in the sun, or lay the cloth in buttermilk for a short time, take out and lay in the hot sun.—H. A. E.

I think I can answer such questions as "Mary" would like to ask in regard to handling bees, for I have had the care of from 50 to 100 swarms for several years, and consider it a pleasant and profitable care for her.—MRS. A. W. MCNISH, Brookfield, Linn county, Mo.

For "Hopeful": Mullein should be gathered when in bloom for tea for the lungs. Use the leaves only.

If "A Subscriber" will write Mrs. C. V. Blackman, Eureka, Kan., she will tell her of something profitable and interesting for a society social.—C. V. B.

To any one sending me a self-addressed and stamped envelope I will send a package of clove-pink and other seeds.—NELLIE M. WILKINSON, Clifton, Fresno county, Cal.

Can the editor or some reader of the HOUSEHOLD tell me where I can procure temperance dialogues and speeches suitable for literary exercises in a lodge room or public entertainment?

Write to the National Temperance Publishing House, New York City.—ED.

When parties write for the HOUSEHOLD, do you require their true signature? Please answer through the BLADE.—A SUBSCRIBER.

The signature must accompany the communication, though it need not necessarily be printed.—ED.

Recipes.

White Cake.—The whites of 7 eggs, 2 cupfuls of granulated sugar, 1 cupful of butter, ½ cupful of water, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, flour to make a stiff batter, 1 teaspoonful of essence of lemon.

Gold Cake.—2 cupfuls of sugar, 1 of butter, 1 of sweet milk, 3 of flour, yolks of 5 eggs, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Flavor with anything that suits the taste. —M. E. H., Neville, O.

Cup Cake.—I think the trouble with "Contented Sis" is that she does not make her cake stiff enough. She should make it so that it will drop from the spoon, not run. Here is a good old-fashioned recipe for cup cake, and if "Contented Sis" will follow directions, she can't help but succeed: 1 cupful butter, 2 cupfuls sugar, 4 eggs, 1 teaspoonful extract lemon, 2 heaping teaspoonfuls baking powder, flour to make stiff batter. Beat the butter and sugar together till it looks like ice cream Beat whites and yolks of eggs separately. Put the baking powder and lemon in with the flour. Stir all well together and bake immediately.

Tomato Catsup.—½ bushel of tomatoes; boil till soft; rub through a sieve, and add ½ of an ounce of cayenne pepper, ½ oz. of allspice. Put into a jar set in a vessel of boiling water, and boil until quantity is reduced one-half. Bottle without straining.

Rhubarb Jam.—Put ¾ of a pound of sugar to every pound of rhubarb and leave till morning. Put syrup over to boil till it thickens, then add the rhubarb. Boil a quarter of an hour. It will keep good for a year and be excellent.—DELIA RESH, Beloit.

Fried Tomatoes.—Take half ripe tomatoes, cut in slices ¼ inch thick; sprinkle salt over them, flour them, and fry in nice hot butter, or lard will do, but is not so good. Pepper them when in the skillet. When they are nice and brown, put in a dish and sprinkle sugar over them. Those who are lovers of tomatoes please try this.

Tomato Catsup.—Seeing a request in the BLADE last week for a recipe to make tomato catsup, I will send mine, which I know is good: Take ½ bu. tomatoes, peel and cut. Let come to a boil, rub through the sieve, add 1 lb. salt, ¼ lb. ground black pepper, ¼ lb. whole allspice, 1 oz. cloves, 2 lbs. brown sugar, 6 large onions, 20 bulbs garlic, 1 handful of green peach leaves. If desired very hot, add as much Cayenne pepper as you can lay on the point of a case knife. Boil to the thickness required, and just before removing from the stove add ¼ lb. ground mustard, 1 qt. good cider vinegar, wetting the mustard with the vinegar. Rub through the sieve again. Bottle.—MRS. M.

For Inflammation of Bladder.—Take one handful of dried cleavers, put them into a quart bowl, fill it with cold water; after it has stood in a cool place half an hour let the patient drink two or three swallows at a time; refill as drank off, until the strength is exhausted, then make more from time to time as long as the pain continues. These directions, followed with punctuality three or four times a day, will surely remove the inflammation. I have tried it upon myself. Caution: Omit the use of hot or warm water for this herb. It will destroy its virtue. This herb can be found in the blossom at this season of the year, growing around old stumps in moist places near brooks. I gathered a large parcel of it yesterday while I was picking berries. I will send a package to any HOUSEHOLD friend who will pay postage.—INDIAN MARY C. GRAY, Taftsville, Windsor Co., Vermont.

Curds and Cream.—One gallon of milk will make a moderate dish. Put 1 spoonful of prepared rennet to each qt. of milk, and when you find that it has become curd, tie it loosely in a thin cloth, and hang to drain; do not wring or press the cloth; when drained, put the curd into a mug, and set in cool water, which must be frequently changed. (A refrigerator saves this trouble). When you dish it, if there is whey in the mug, ladle it gently out without pressing the curd; lay it on a deep dish, and pour fresh cream over it; have powdered loaf-sugar to eat with it; also hand the nutmeg-grater.—VIRGINIA COOKERY BOOK.

What to Take to Picnics.

She—"Are you going to the picnic Tuesday, George?"

He—"O, yes."

She (with feeble indifference)—"Alone, George?"

He—"No; I shall take an umbrella."

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

MT. HOPE, wis.	Lena Barnett	Jennie Phillips
Nina B Proctor	Putnam Barnett	Maude Niles
Musie C Proctor	Winnie Barnett	Silas Cook
Willie M Proctor	Henry Barnett	PARIS, TEX.
WHEATVILLE, N.Y.	Harry Barnett	Edward Dodd
Albert C Roberts	Geo Barnett	SPRING CREEK, Mo.
Mc Morine Roberts	Lulu Barnett	Glenn F Joyner
EAST BRADY, PA.	Mabel Halstead	Lottsie Thomas
Nettie Jardine	Albert Halstead	Walter [illegible]
Lizzie Jardine	Jacob Missler	Lizzie Dudley
CHASE, KAS.	Ely Missler	Elsie Bradish
Lizzie L Butler	Lenora Phillips	ARKANSAS, MO.
Jennie G Butler	Maude Royal	Claude Dowd
Dottie Butler	NEWTON, [illegible]	Rosie Goodall
Ella W Butler	Chas Phillips	FREDERICKTOWN,
Frank H Butler	Thomas Phillips	OHIO.
Morton J Butler	Nora Phillips	Geo Myers
John P Butler	Alma Stevenson	J B Hall
TURNER, ORE.	Robt Stevenson	Geo Auten
Belle Barnett	Chas Tyler	Frank Snider

Names this week, 49. Total, 20,380.

The above embraces all names received up to August 11.

For the Young Folks.

JOKING.

LOUISE HOUGHTON.

Little Mary comes dancing in at the door,
With eyes full of mischief and fun—she's just four

Her face smeared with berries, well mingled with dirt,
Oh yes, she's a lassie I'm fond of—she's pert.

There's one shoe still on—it is held by a string,
The other is gone, all what does she bring

In her fat little fist, so grimy and brown?
I think and I wonder, as she gravely sits down

On the floor, to examine her wonderful prize,
While the children come round her with wide open eyes,

She looks at them all, with queer quizzical air,
And opens wide her hand—lo! nothing is there;

Then up with a bound, and loud ringing laughter,
She's off and away, cat, dog, children after.

Warsaw, N. Y.

LITTLE 'LIZY.

BY WALTER L. SAWYER.

Uncle Abe, untidy in person from an hour's employment in the coal cellar, yet, despite all, the very incarnation of family dignity, rose from his resting place by the area walk, and called after me, as I ran up the steps: "Marse Will! Dat bad man's done been here again, an' he 'low he gwinter fotch 'Lizy wid him next week."

"It is so," affirmed my wife, who was waiting for me at the door. She added, in an undertone, "I wish you'd talk with Abe, and try to reconcile him to the change."

Noah Peters, the "bad man," was to Uncle Abe the embodiment of evil. To all others, Peters seemed a hard-working, mild-tempered, and mild-mannered negro; but his father-in-law—for that was the relation which my faithful old colored friend held to him—was disposed to consider him an altogether worthless character. Nothing could persuade Uncle Abe that Noah was fitted to be anything better in life than a "botheration" to the unfortunate persons whom fate made his associates.

To be sure, when Noah and Eliza were married, Uncle Abe witnessed the ceremony and took part in the festivities. Later on, when the mother's life went as little Eliza was born, he wept with his grief-stricken son-in-law, and did his best to help him bear the burden. Both he and Aunt Delia gave their hearts to the motherless babe, and the father and child were made heartily welcome at the little homestead which Uncle Abe had toiled so hard to gain.

For three years there was no break in the ties of mutual esteem which bound Uncle Abe and Noah. Then the latter, delighted with the winsome ways of his baby, proposed to her grandfather that he should employ a housekeeper, and take the child to brighten his lonely home. Against this step the old man vigorously protested; and finding that though Noah did not press the subject, he was still resolved upon making the change, Abe's good opinion of his son-in-law gave place to something like aversion.

"Dat's de most obstinatest man I ever seed," Uncle Abe complained, when the agitation first began. "He can't say nuffin', on'y 'dat's my baby!' Huh! He don' hold no argyment, on'y he comes right back onto dat!"

Several months elapsed after Noah first broached the suggestion which was so coolly received, and he said little about the child's removal; but, as afterwards appeared, he did not abate his determination to possess her. Regularly, on Sunday, Delia said, he visited them, laden with candy for "his baby;" and all of Abe's efforts during the week did not avail to obliterate from the child's mind a favorable impression of her father.

Now, it seemed, the crisis had come. Noah, having once decided to take little Eliza to himself, would pursue his purpose with that unflinching pertinacity which is sometimes the characteristic of "easy going" men. It was just and right, I knew, that he should hold his only near and dear one, yet I feared the effect which the loss of their pet would have upon her grandparents.

As these thoughts crossed my mind, I descended the steps and went to Uncle Abe, who stood still in an attitude of deep dejection. The low seat on the flagging, from which he had risen, faced a basement window. Inside, Aunt Delia was beating eggs, pausing now and then to wipe her eyes.

"What does Noah say, Uncle Abe?" I asked.

Abe's rambling answer, given in a weak and wandering voice, was emphasized with frequent sobs and ejaculations by the listening Delia.

"He done says he aint got no call to wait. De low-down niggers is twittin' him dat he kaint ta' keer ob his baby, an' he 'lows he won't stan' it. He got Miss Nancy Riggs to work over it his house an' 'Lizy won't come to no harm, he say, fer gwine home. I done telled him he oughter leave her be brung up same way her mudder was, cl'ar ob de mean niggers an' de white trash. Den he say his fodder b'longed to Marse Randolph's folks 'foah de war, same's me'n Dely, an' he knowed how to brung us children. I don' see no help for it; I reckon dat baby got ter go."

"Bress de little lamb," sounded Aunt Delia's hollow voice, from the recesses of the pantry. "It'll jes' 'bout kill me, I s'pect."

"Noah doesn't intend to make his home away from the city, does he?" I asked.

"No," conceded Abe, as it seemed, somewhat reluctant to show the exact foundation for his grief. "He gwineter move onter B street.

"Isn't that the next street to your own?"

"It ant furder."

"Why, then, you can see her very often," I argued. "It isn't as though she were to be taken from Washington. You mustn't lose heart, Uncle Abe, so long as the child is hardly out of arm's reach. Aunt Delia, I rely on you to help him look at the matter more calmly."

"I kaint!" moaned Delia, at the window. "'Pears like nobody knows how I lub—'Lizy, you mizzable little scamp, git outer dem raisins! No, don't; you take dem raisins; take anyt'ing! My gracious goodness, I kaint let her go 'way fum me!"

The bright and saucy face of little Eliza peered out at me from the window, as Delia ended her mingled "scold" and lament. The child's chubby hands were filled with raisins. She held them up to me triumphantly.

"Unker Abe'll pay oo for zese, Mis'er Will," she said, with a mischievous nod and smile. "If he don't, Aunt Dely'll s'ap him. Unker Abe! Unker Abe!" she cried, "come see my cubby-house in the cellar."

"Yes, chile," was Uncle Abe's reply. "Marse Will,"—he turned mournfully to me,—"it's jes' s'if she was a-gwineter move away. W'en dat baby's once out ob our sight, dar's no tellin' what she'll do. Dat's de way we feel 'bout lettin' her go. She mout's well be in Souf Ameriky as ter be one street off. We want her wid us,

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

CHESS.—There has been near here during the last wheat harvest a spirited, knowledge exhibiting discussion about the ancestors of the pest known as chess. I come to you for a decision that will be final. It is the "positive knowledge" of some farmers, who take their fathers' word for it, that wheat grains grow and produce chess; while several other persons say "such a phenomenon would be a wonderful botanical discovery, as yet unheard of by writers of text books." These are the two sides, and as there are reputable people on each side, please to tell us which is right.—SUBSCRIBER. Waltz, Michigan. [The question here presented for solution by the editor is one that has been discussed by men of intelligence for many years. Educated, practical farmers have given the subject much attention, and have differed widely in their opinion, many of them believing that the metamorphosis from wheat to chess, or "cheat," takes place, while others were as confident that it does not. However, this may be said, that considering the question from a strict botanical view, and arguing from the opinions of botanists, the turning of wheat into chess is an impossibility. It is claimed by the advocates of metamorphosis that excessive moisture, cold during the spring, pasturing in the spring months, and hauling with a wagon over the field after seeding, will cause wheat to turn into chess, but the botanist will tell you that such transmutation cannot take place. Climate and soil may modify, but does not change one species into another.

Wheat is supposed to have sprung from a plant known as Ægilops. This wild grass Ægilop ovata grows in different parts of the world, and from actual experiments for several years by Mons. Esprit Fabre, of France, true wheat was produced from it, but in no case, we believe, has wheat been known to degenerate to its original level after reaching perfection from the wild grass, although it has been cultivated for more than 5,000 years, nor has it been known to degenerate into a different species as chess, or botanically speaking, Bromus secalinus. Like produces like, is an axiom that is incontrovertible. Chess has a flower that is as perfect as wheat, produces grain capable of germination, thus reproducing and perpetuating its species.

There have been cases in which the botanists seemed to have been at fault in their presentation of the facts of species, as between chess and wheat, but close research has given them the vantage ground. Several years ago, Benjamin Hodge, of New York, in consequence of a warm discussion of the transmutation question between very intelligent gentlemen, offered a premium to any one who should prove that wheat had turned to chess, the premium to be awarded by a committee appointed by the New York Agricultural society. The premium was claimed by Samuel Davidson, of Greece, Monroe county, N. Y. The society appointed a committee of investigation, with Prof. Dewey as chairman. They replied, after careful examination, as follow:

"The experiment to prove the transmutation was the following: A quantity of earth was passed through a fine sieve, to separate all chess seeds. It was placed in a pan and several heads of wheat planted in it. When the wheat came up it was subjected to all the hard treatment that usually produces winter-killing, viz.: flooding with water and alternately freezing and thawing for several times. Late in the spring the whole contents of the pan were removed and set out in the open ground. When the plants threw out their heads there appeared chess heads also. This mass of wheat and chess plants was brought in placed before the committee. Stalks of chess were shown, the roots of which were found to proceed directly from the planted heads of wheat which yet remained entire, and in some instances they were found to issue from the half decayed grains of wheat themselves. This was looked upon as conclusive.

The roots were taken by the committee and first soaked in water and afterward gently washed, by moving them backward slowly through it. They were then carefully examined by microscope. The roots of the chess were now perceived to issue, not from near the end of the grain of wheat as is usual in sprouting, but from the side, and in fact from almost say part. Further examination showed that they merely passed through crevices in the decayed wheat grains, and that they were separated from the grains without tearing, being merely in contact, without adhesion or connection. Some of the more minute chess fibers were observed by an achromatic misroscope to extend over the inner surface of the husk of the grain, but none in search of nourishment (which is known to abound just within the bran) in the same way that grape roots have been observed to spread over the surface of a rich decaying bone. But they easily separated and had no connection with the bone. It was satisfactorily proved that the chess plant could not have come from wheat grains, by the fact that the same single stalk of chess was thus connected with five or six different grains which could no more have originated it than five or six cows could have one calf. The examination, therefore did not prove anything in favor of transmutation, and as there were many possible ways in which the chess might have been scattered on the soil, the whole experiment was admitted by all parties to be inconclusive."

The editor of the *Plaider*, in reply, says that by referring to the *Planter* 35 to 40 years ago, statements are found more astonishing than those the professor calls nonsense. He says:

"We can recall one from one of the most intelligent farmers of Hanover county, (the original statement can be produced if necessary), to this effect: Twelve grains appearing to be an excellent variety of wheat, were secured from the straw in a crate of crockery. They were carefully dibbled in a well prepared garden bed—no chess having ever been seen in the garden. These plants grew well and promised a fine yield, but after they were *in boot* the farmer's riding-horse happened to get in the garden through the accidentally open gate, and nipped off the tops of all but one of these stools of wheat. They apparently recovered from the damage, and still promised a good yield, but when they headed out the yield was *chess*, and only the one stool undisturbed yielded wheat."

Volumes have been written on both sides of the question within the past 50 years, and both sides yet have sturdy believers; so you will see that you have given the editor a hard nut to crack. Its discussions in the columns of a newspaper would prove unprobable, as men of education and close observation differ widely on the subject. Prof. Kippart says: "The truth is no transmutation ever took place. All the chess found in grain fields is the direct product of chess seeds." And yet there are many who do not agree with him.—[ED.

CHARBON.—In this locality we are losing a great many mules and horses from a disease commonly known here as the "sharbone," which is supposed to be caused from the horse fly bite. It generally appear either on the neck, side, stomach, between the hind legs, and breast. If it appears in the last named place it proves fatal to the animal. It puffs up gradually like the gas in a balloon, and in less than ten hours the animal is dead. Is the above name correctly applied? What treatment should we resort to? There are instances where the animal has been cured by bleeding in the neck and drenching with castor oil. But this remedy fails often. If any of your readers know a sure cure for the disease, it will be considered a great favor by imparting it.—L. A. BEAL, Hollywood, Miss. [The proper word is charbon, which is an epidemic malignant fever, and mostly attacks old, debilitated animals. The disease is one of blood poisoning, arising from feeding on pastures along banks of overflowed streams, ponds that have been dried up by the sun. Dry weather favors it on account of eating the miasmatic grasses, and inhaling the emanations from decomposing vegetation. Bad vegetation, imperfect drainage, neglect of sanitary precautions, etc., induce the disease. Horse-flies, that have fed upon putrifying matter, may communicate it to horses, causing blood poisoning. In this disease there are several peculiarities. At times the legs and lips swell, around the hoof and fetlock joints, as well as on the nostrils and elsewhere, small blisters appear, burst and discharge a scalding fluid. The skin over the swellings may ulcerate, causing unhealthy sores. Sometimef there is diarrhœ, and at others constipation. The first thing to do is to remove the animal to a well ventilated, clean stable. Purgatives are dangerous, and bleeding is not to be thought of, as it nearly always results in the death of the animal. When there is constipation, the animal should be given a moderate dose of castor oil, say one pound oil, say 1 ounces, with a teaspoonful of ginger mixed in it. The animal must be given something to check the action of the poison in the system. For this purpose Prof. Williams recommends giving half an ounce of chlorate of potash, repeating the dose twice in 24 hours. Do not give a larger dose, as it will cause irritation of the bowels. Instead of the above (which is considered the best of all drugs in this disease) give this: Sulphate of iron, powdered gentian, powdered camphor, and nitrate of potash, of each, two ounces. For one ball, to be given night and morning. The swollen parts should be bathed with vinegar and water, and the sores washed with carbolic acid, one part, water four parts. Recovery from this disease is slow, and the horse should be given a long season of rest. After the disease has been checked, give this: Powdered mustard seeds, powdered juniper berries, and flowers of sulpur; of each six ounces. Add this to a quarter of a peck of oatmeal, and give three or four tablespoonfuls several times a day.—ED.]

EMORY HUNT, Lane, Kan.: Regarding the best seed wheat for Eastern Kansas, we think the Mediterranean would suit you. It yields well, and although there has heretofore been a prejudice against it on account of its color, it now sells for as much as any other good wheat. However, the editor would like to have the opinions of farmers who have a thorough acquaintance with the matter, and will be pleased to have them favor us. The editor will endeavor to place you in communication with parties who will give you the necessary information. All varieties of wheat raised in Michigan are marketed in Toledo.

W. H. R., Newcastle, O.: To prevent grape rot, cut out and destroy all affected berries, to prevent the spread of the fungus. As soon as you see mildew, dust the vines well with a mixture of one part of sulphur to five of air-slacked lime. Acrording to the U. S. Agricultural department, one pound of the sulphate of copperas is the most effective thing to arrest mildew or grape-rot. Here is the formula: Dissolve one pound of pure sulphate of copperas in 25 gallons of water; spray the vines with it. We cannot answer your second question. The third question has been referred to the Question Bureau.

L. D. BUSHNELL, Ill.: The following is the Douglass mixture which every one should have who raises poultry: Add to a gallon of water ½ lb. of sulphate of iron (copperas). When this is dissolved, add ½ oz. of sulphuric acid. Mix thoroughly, and keep in a stone jug. Give by putting in the drinking water ½ teacupful for every 25 fowls. Use two or three times a week, and when there is danger of disease, every day. During the moulting season there is nothing better.

J. T. F., Webster county, Kentucky: Your mare has poll evil. The sore must be freely opened with a knife. Follow the sinuses and open them out, letting all pus escape. Swab the part out, and thoroughly inject with carbolic acid and rain water three times a day—one part of the acid to 30 parts water. Another remedy is: Take of copperas, 1 drachm; blue vitriol, 2 drachms; common salt, 2 drachms; white vitriol, 1 drachm. Powder fine and fill a goose quill with the powder. Put a stick in the top of the quill and shove the powder well down through the sore. Repeat in four days. In a few days afterward the pipe or core of the sore may be removed. When the disease has attacked the bone a cure is very difficult.

E. L. T., Marshall, O.: Although the ringbone may have been cured in your horse, it has left the leg not nearly so strong as it was previous to the attack, as the inner membrane is apt to spring, swelling and striking the bone, etc. To reduce the swelling, first give a cathartic, namely, raw linseed oil, 16 ozs; oil of aniseed, 2 drs; sweet spirits of nitre, 1 oz. After this has operated, use this: Venice turpentine, 1½ ozs.; oil of juniper, 1 dr.; powdered resin, 4½ ozs.; nitre, 3 ozs.; hard, curd soap, 3 ounces. Melt the resin, soap and turpentine together, and when cooling, stir in the juniper and nitre. Make into twelve boluses. One or two for a dose, every other night. Also give half a drachm of citrate of iron and ammonia three times a day, either dissolved in the drinking water or sprinkled on corn. Give gentle exercise. After completing the above course, if the cramps you speak of continue, apply hot rags wrung out of very hot water to the sore muscles, and give the following, divided into 12 powders: One ounce calchicum; one ounce nitrate of potash; two drachms fenugreek seed. Mix.

A. T. W., Almont, Dak.—For the swelled leg in your horse: First give cathartic of raw linseed oil, 16 ounces; oil of aniseed, two drachms; sweet spirits of nitre, two ounces. After this make 24 boluses of the following, and give one or two for a dose every other evening: Venice turpentine, three ounnes; oil of juniper, two drachms; powdered resin, nine ounces; powdered nitre, six ounces; hard, curd soap, six ounces. Melt resin, soap and turpentine together, and when cooling, stir in the juniper and nitre. Give the animal a fair amount of exercise daily. Also, give in drinking water or on corn, half a drachm of citrate of iron and ammonia three times a day. This will tone up the system.

E. E. L. B., Novelty, W. T.: Horn all, or hollow horn, exhibits itself in general debility, scanty flesh, haggard look, and other symptoms. This diseased condition of the blood results from eating food growing on damp soils, persistently use of only one kind of food, insufficient food, foul air in stables, exposure, neglect, and other causes. Examine the animal closely for lice; if found, curry the cow well and wash with this infusion: Half a pound of tobacco in a gallon of water; steep for two hours. Then give the following: Sulphate of iron, 2 drs.; powdered nux vomica, 1 dr.; powdered gentian, 1 oz. This amount daily, in dry food, or as a drench. It would be well to give a moderate dose of oil or salts to the animal before giving the above, which should be given for one week, then suspended for a week and again given for a week. This will cure any case of hollow horn when the animal has no organic affection.

MRS. G. P., Cedarville, Cal.: For a book giving directians how to make cheese and take care of it, write to Brown, Eager & Hull, Toledo, O.

A. C. C., Farragut, Iowa: Your cow is troubled with indigestion. Change the cow's feed, and give this as one dose, night and morning, for a week: 3 drachms bicarbonate of soda, 2 drachms gentian, 2 drachms ginger. Give salt for cow to lick at least three times a week, and plenty of pure, cool water.

Answers to Inquiries.

HOVEN, OR BLOAT IN CATTLE.—Make a band of hay or straw, like a band for binding grain. Place this in the animal's mouth, drawing it up close, and tie it back of the horns. This will keep the mouth open, and the animal, in its efforts to chew the band, will work its jaws, and the gas will escape from the stomach. This is a sure cure.—W. C. DODGE, Panama, New York.

REV. DR. TALMAGE ON BIGOTRY.

Both It and Sectarianism Denounced—Sharp Shooting on the Narrow Road—Tole rate All Sides of Religious Truth.

THE HAMPTONS, Aug. 14.—To-day the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage's sermon is "Concerning the Bigots;" and the text, "Then said they unto him, say now Shibboleth: and he said Sibboleth; for he could not frame to pronounce it right. Then they took him and slew him at the passages of Jordan."—Judges xii, 6.

Do you notice the difference of pronunciation between Shibboleth and Sibboleth? A very small and unimportant difference, you say. And yet that difference was the difference between life and death for a great many people. The Lord's people, Gilead and Ephraim, got into a great fight, and Ephraim was worsted, and on the retreat, came to the fords of the river Jordan to cross. An order was given that all Ephraimites coming there be slain. But how could it be found out who were Ephraimites? They were detected by their pronunciation. Shibboleth was a word that stood for river. The Ephraimites had a brogue of their own, and when they tried to say shibboleth always left out the sound of the "h." When it was heard that they say sibboleth, they said sibboleth, and were slain. "Then said they unto him, Say now Shibboleth; and he said Sibboleth, for he could not frame to pronounce it right. Then they took him and slew him at the passage of the Jordan." A very small difference, you say, between Gilead and Ephraim, and yet how great and unto lerance about that small difference. The Lord's tribes in our time—by which I mean the different denominations of Christians—sometimes magnify a very small difference, and the only difference between scores of denominations to-day is the difference between shibboleth and sibboleth.

The church of God is divided into a great number of denominations. Time would fail me to tell of the Calvinists, and the Arminians, and the Sabbatarians, and the Baxterians, and the Dunkards, and the Shakers, and the Quakers, and the Methodists, and the Baptists, and the Episcopalians, and the Lutherans, and the Congregationalists, and the Presbyterians, and the Spiritualists, and a score of other denominations of religionists, some of them founded by very good men, some of them founded by very egotistic men, and some of them founded by very bad men. But as I demand for myself liberty of conscience, I must give that same liberty to every other man, remembering that he no more differs from me than I differ from him. I advocate the largest liberty in all religious belief and form of worship. In art, in politics, in morals, and in religion let there be no gag law, no moving of the previous question, no persecution, no intolerance.

You know that the air and the water keep pure by constant circulation, and I think there is a tendency in religious discussion to purification and moral health. Between the fourth and sixteenth centuries the church proposed to make people think aright by prohibiting discussion and by strong censorship of the press, and by rack, and gibbet, and hot lead poured in the throat, tried to make people orthodox; but it was discovered that you cannot change a man's belief by twisting off his head, and that you cannot make a man see things differently by putting an awl through his eyes. There is something in a man's conscience which will hurl off the mountain that you threw upon it, and, unsinged of the fire, out of the flame will make red wings on which the martyr will mount to glory.

In that time of which I speak, between the fourth and sixteenth centuries, people went from the house of God into the most appalling iniquity, and right along consecrated churches there were tides of drunkenness and licentiousness such as the world never heard of, and the very sewers of perdition broke loose and flooded the church. After a while the printing press was freed, and it broke the shackles of the human mind. Then there came a large number of bad books, but where there was one man that broke in the Christian religion there were twenty men ready to advocate it; so I have not any nervousness in regard to this battle going on between truth and error.

The truth will conquer just as certainly as that God is stronger than the devil. Let error run, if you only let truth run along with it. Urged on by sketching shout and transcendentalists's spur, let it run. God's angels of wrath are in hot pursuit, and quicker than eagle's beak clutches out a hawk's heart God's vengeance will tear it to pieces.

I propose this morning to speak to you of sectarianism—its origin, its evils and its curses. There are those who would make us think that this monster, with cloven hoofs, is religion. I shall chase it to its hiding place, and drag it out of the caverns of darkness and rip off its hide. But I want to make a distinction between bigotry and the lawful fondness for peculiar religious beliefs and forms of worship. I have no admiration for a nothingarian.

In a world of such tremendous vicissitude and temptation, and with a soul that must after a while stand before a throne of insufferable brightness, in a day when the rocking of the mountains and the flaming of the heavens and the upheaval of the sea shall be among the least of the excitements, to give account for every thought, word, action, preference or dislike—that man is mad who has no religious preference. But our early education, our physical temperament, our mental constitution will very much decide our form of worship.

A style of psalmody that may please me may displease you. Some would like to have a minister in gown and bands, and surplice, and others prefer to have a minister in plain citizen's apparel. Some are most impressed when a little child is presented at the altar and sprinkled of the waters of a holy benediction "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;" and others are more impressed when the penitent comes up out of the river, his body white, his head dripping with the waters of a baptism which signifies the washing away of sin. Let either have his own way. One man likes no noise in prayer, not a word, not a whisper. Another man, just as good, prefers by gesticulation and exclamation to express his devotional aspirations. One is just as good as the other. Every man fully pursuaded in his own mind."

George Whitefield was going over a Quaker rather roughly for some of his religious sentiments, and the Quaker said: "George, I am as thon art: I am for bringing all men to the hope of the Gospel; therefore, if thou wilt not quarrel with me about my broad brim, I wilt not quarrel with thee about thy black gown. George, give me thy hand."

In tracing out the religion of sectarianism, or bigotry, I find that a great deal of it comes from wrong education in the home circle. There are parents who do not think it wrong to caricature and jeer the peculiar forms of religion in the world, and denounce other sects and other denominations. It is very often the case that that kind of education acts just opposite to what was expected, and the children grow up and, after a while, go and see for themselves; and looking in those churches, and finding that the people are good there, and they love God and keep his commandments, by natural reaction they go and join those very churches. I could mention the names of prominent ministers of the Gospel who spent their whole lives bombarding other denominations, and who lived to see their children preach the Gospel in those very denominations. But it is often the case that bigotry starts in a household and that the subject of it never recovers. There are tens of thousands of bigots 10 years old.

I think sectarianism and bigotry also rise from too great prominence of any one denomination in a community. All the other denominations are wrong, and his denomination is right because his denomination is the most wealthy, or the most popular, or the most influential, and it is "our" church, and "our" religious organization, and "our" choir, and "our" minister, and the man tosses his head and sniffs at other denominations to know their places. It is a great deal better in any community when the great denominations of Christians are about equal in power, marching side by side for the world's conquest. Mere outside prosperity, mere worldly power, is no evidence that the church is acceptable to God. Better a barn with Christ in the manger than a cathedral with magnificent harmonies rolling through the long drawn aisles and an angel from heaven in the pulpit, if there be no Christ in the chancel and no Christ in the robes. Bigotry is often the child of ignorance.

You know and I know a man with a large intellect who is a bigot. It is the man who thinks he knows a great deal but does not. That man is almost always a bigot. The whole tendency of education and civilization is to bring a man out of that kind of state of mind and heart. There was in the far East a great obelisk, and one side of the obelisk was white, another side of the obelisk was green, another side of the obelisk was blue, and travelers went and looked at that obelisk, but they did not walk around it. One man looked at one side, another at another side, and they came home, each one looking at only one side. And they happened to meet, the story says, and they got into a rank quarrel about the color of that obelisk. One man said it was white, another man said it was green, another man said it was blue, and when they were in the very heat of the controversy a more intelligent traveler came and said: "Gentlemen I have seen the obelisk, and you are all right and you are all wrong. Why didn't you walk all around the obelisk?"

Look out for the man who sees only one side of a religious truth. Look out for the man who never walks around about these great theories of God and eternity and the dead. He will be a bigot inevitably—the man who only sees one side. There is no man more to be pitied than he who has in his head just one idea—no more, no less. More light, less sectarianism. There is nothing that will so soon kill bigotry as sunshine—God's sunshine.

II. So I have set before you what I consider to be the causes of bigotry. I have set before you the origin of this great evil. What are some of the baleful effects? First of all it cripples investigation. You are wrong, and I am right, and that ends it. No taste for exploration, no spirit of investigation. From the glorious realm of God's truth, over which an archangel might fly from eternity to eternity and not reach the limit, the man shuts himself out and dies, a blind mole under a corn shock. It stops all investigation.

While each denomination of Christians is to present all the truths of the Bible, it seems to me that God has given to each denomination an especial mission to give particular emphasis to some one doctrine; and so the Calvinistic churches must present the sovereignty of God, and the Arminian churches must present man's free agency, and the Episcopal churches must present the importance of order and solemn ceremony, and the Baptist churches must present the necessity of ordinances, and the Congregational church must present the responsibility of the individual member, and Methodism on this continent must show what holy enthusiasm, hearty congregational singing can accomplish. While each denomination of Christians must set forth all the doctrines of the Bible, I feel it is especially incumbent upon each denomination to put particular emphasis upon some one doctrine.

Another great damage done by the sectarianism and bigotry of the church is that it disgusts people with the Christian religion. Now, my friends, the church of God was never intended for a war barrack. People are afraid of a riot. You go down the street and you see an excitement, and missiles flying through the air, and you hear the sharp of firearms. Do you, the peaceful and industrious citizen, go through that street? "Oh, no!" you will say. "I'll go around the block." Now, men, come and look upon this narrow path to heaven, and sometimes see the ecclesiastical brickbats flying every whither, and they say, "Well, I guess I'll take the broad road; it is so rough, and there is so much hitting shooting on the narrow road, I guess I'll try the broad road."

Francis I so hated the Lutherans that he said if he thought there was one drop of Lutheran blood in his veins he would puncture them and let that drop out. Just as long as there is so much hostility between denomination and denomination, or between one professed Christian and another, or between one church and another, just so long men will be disgusted with the Christian religion and say, "If that is religion I want none of it."

Again, bigotry and sectarianism do great damage in the fact that they hinder the triumph of the gospel. Oh, how much wasted ammunition, how many men of splendid intellect have given their whole life to controversial disputes, when, if they had given their life to something practicable, they might have been vastly useful! Suppose this morning, while I speak, there were a common enemy coming up the bay through the narrows, and all the forts around New York began to fire into each other—you would begin to cry out, "National suicide! why don't those forts blaze away in one direction, and that against the common enemy?" And yet I sometimes see in the church of God that dreadful waste of strange thing going on; church against church, minister against minister, denomination against denomination, firing away into their own fort, or the fort which out to be on the same side, instead of concentrating their energy, and giving one mighty and everlasting volley against the navies of darkness riding up through the bay.

I go out sometimes in the summer, and I find two beehives, and these two hives are in a quarrel. I come near enough, not to be stung, but I come just near enough to hear the controversy, and one bechive says: "That field of clover is the sweetest;" and another bechive says, "That field of clover is the sweetest." I come in between them, and I say, "Stop this quarrel; if you like that field of clover best, go there; if you like that field of clover best, go there; but let me tell you that that hive which gets the most honey is the best hive." So I come out between the churches of the Lord Jesus Christ. One denomination of Christians says, "That field of Christian doctrine is best," and another says, "This field of Christian doctrine is best." Well, I say, "Go where you get the most honey." That is the best church which gets the most honey of Christian grace for the heart, and the most honey of Christian usefulness for the life.

Besides that, if you want to build up any denomination, you will never build it up by trying to pull some other town. Intolerance never put anything down. How much has intolerance accomplished, for instance, against the Methodist church? For long years her ministry were forbidden the pulpits of Great Britain. Why was it that so many were preached in the fields? Simply because they could not get in the churches. And the name of the church was given in derision and as a sarcasm. The critics of the church said, "They have no order, they have no method in their worship," and the critics, therefore, in irony called them "Methodists."

I am told that in Astor Library, New York, kept as curiosities, there are 707 books and pamphlets against Methodism. Did intolerance stop that church? No; it is either first or second among the denominations of Christendom, has mission stations in all parts of the world, her men not only important in religious trusts, but important in secular trusts. Church marching on, and the more intolerance against it, the faster it marched.

What did intolerance accomplish against the Baptist church? If laughing scorn and tirade could have destroyed the church, it would not have to-day a disciple left.

The Baptists were hurled out of Boston in the olden times. Those who sympathized with them were confined, and when a petition was offered asking leniency in their behalf all men who signed it were indicted. Has intolerance stopped the Baptist church? The last statistics in regard to it showed about 30,000 churches and about 2,500,000 communicants. Intolerance never put down anything.

In England a law was made against the Jew. England thrust back the Jew and thrust down the Jew, and declared that no Jew should hold any position. What came of it? Were the Jews destroyed? Was their religion overthrown? No. Who became prime minister of England years ago? Who was next to the throne? Who was higher than the throne because he was counselor and adviser? The descendant of a Jew. What were we celebrating in all our churches as well as synagogues a few years ago? The one hundredth birthday anniversary of Montefiore, the great Jewish philanthropist. Intolerance never yet put down anything.

III. But now, my friends, having shown you the origin of bigotry or sectarianism, and having shown you the damage it does, I want briefly to show you how we are to war against this terrible evil, and I think we ought to begin our war by realizing our weakness and our imperfections. If we make so many mistakes in the common affairs of life, is it not possible that we may make mistakes in regard to our religious affairs? Shall we take a man by the throat, or by the collar, because he cannot see religious truths just as we do? In the light of eternity it will be found out, I think, there was something wrong in all our creeds, and something right in all our creeds. But since we may make mistakes in regard to things of the world, do we feel so to regard, and so puffed up as to have an idea that we cannot make any mistake in regard to religious theories. And then I think we will do a great deal to overthrow the sectarianism from our heart, and the sectarianism from the world, by chiefly enlarging upon those things in which we agree rather than those on which we differ.

Now, here is a great Gospel platform. A man comes up on this side the platform and says: "I don't believe in baby sprinkling." Shall I shove him off? Here is a man coming up on this side the platform, and he says: "I don't believe in the perseverance of the saints." Shall I shove him off? No. I will say: "Do you believe in the Lord Jesus as your Saviour? do you trust him for time and for eternity?" He says, "Yes." "Do you take Christ for time and for eternity?" "Yes." I say, "Come on, brothers; one in time and one in eternity; brother now, brother forever." Blessed be God for a Gospel platform so large that all who receive Christ may stand on it!

I think we may overthrow the severe sectarianism and bigotry in our hearts, and in the church also, by realizing that all the denominations of Christians have yielded noble institutions and noble men. There is nothing that so stirs my soul as this thought. One denomination yielded a Robert Hall and an Abraham Judson; another yielded a Latimer and a Melville; another yielded John Wesley and the blessed Summerfield, while our own denomination yielded the Alexanders—men of whom the world was not worthy. Now, I say, if we are honest and fair minded men, when we come up in the presence of such churches and such denominations, although they may be different from our own, we ought to admire them, and we ought to love and honor them. Churches which can produce such men, and such large hearted charity, and such magnificent martyrdom, ought to win our affection—at any rate, our respect. So come on, ye 400,000 Episcopalians in this country, and ye 800,000 Presbyterians, and ye 2,250,000 Baptists, and ye nearly 3,750,000 Methodists—come on, shoulder to shoulder we will march for the world's conquest; for all nations are to be saved, and God demands that you and I help do it. Forward, the whole line.

Moreover, we may also overthrow the feeling of severe sectarianism by joining other denominations in Christian work. I like when the springtime comes and the anniversary occasions begin and all denominations come upon the same platform. That overthrows sectarianism. In the Young Men's Christian association, in the Bible society, in the Tract society, in the Foreign Missionary society, shoulder to shoulder all denominations.

Perhaps I might more forcibly illustrate this truth by calling your attention to an incident which took place fourteen or fifteen years ago. One Monday morning at about 2 o'clock, while her 900 passengers were soundly sleeping in her berths, dreaming of home, the steamer Atlantic crashed into Mars Head. Five hundred souls in ten minutes landed in eternity! Oh, what a scene! Agonized men and women running up and down the gangways and clutching for the rigging, and the plunge of the helpless steamer, and the clapping of the hands of the merciless sea over the drowning! the shrieks that threw the continents into terror. But see this brave quartermaster pushing out with the life line until he gets to the rock; and see these fishermen gathering up the shipwrecked and taking them into the cabins and wrapping them in the flannels snug and warm; and see that minister of the gospel with three other men getting into a lifeboat and pushing out for the wreck, pulling away across the surf, and pulling away until they saved one more man, and then getting back with him to the shore. Can those men ever forget that night? And can they ever forget their companionship in peril, companionship in struggle, companionship in awful catastrophe, and rescue? Never! Never! In whatever part of the earth they meet they will be friends when they mention the story of that awful night when the Atlantic struck Mars Head.

Well, my friend, our world has gone into a worse shipwreck. Sin drove it on the rocks. The old ship has inched and tossed in the tempest these 6,000 years. Out with the life line! I do not care what denomination carry it. Out with the lifeboat! I do not care what denomination rows it. Side by side in the memory of common hardships, and common trials, and common prayers, and common tears, let us be brothers forever. We must be. We must be.

One army of the living God
To whose command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood
And part are crossing now.

And I expect to see the day when all denominations of Christians shall join hands around the cross of Christ and recite the creed: "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, and in the communion of saints, and in the life everlasting." May God inspire us all with the largest hearted Christian charity!

News of the Week.

FRIGHTFUL WRECK IN THE WEST.

A Damaged Culvert Causes a Disaster in Which 100 Lives Are Lost, and as Many More Persons Fearfully Mangled.

CHATSWORTH, Ill., Aug. 11.—The Niagara Falls excursion train on the Toledo, Peoria & Warsaw railway, consisting of seventeen cars and sleepers, crowded with passengers from Peoria, Ills., and points along the line, was wrecked two and one-half miles east of Chatsworth by running into a burning culvert.

The two engines were completely wrecked, with ten coaches and a baggage-car. Engineer McClintock was instantly killed. The two firemen and other engineer escaped serious injury. The ten cars were piled on top of the two engines, which were telescoped, and piled across and on top of each other.

It is miraculous how any escaped, as the coaches and engines do not occupy over two car lengths of track and all on top of the road bed.

In one coach not a person escaped. In another only a lady.

Seventy dead were taken out up to this time, and 100 wounded are now in Chatsworth in the town hall, school house, depot, etc.

At Piper City there are a large number of wounded, over 50.

The dead is estimated at over one hundred. The cars caught fire but it was put out by train men and passengers, and heavy rain set in about two hours after the wreck, before the wounded could be taken away, raining for two hours. The people are doing all they can for the wounded.

A Prairie Fire Burned a Culvert and Caused the Accident.

CHICAGO, Aug. 11.—Information received at the Illinois Central offices in this city is that the train consisted of two engines and sixteen coaches. The culvert had been burned away about two miles east of Chatsworth, presumably by a prairie fire, and about 1 o'clock this morning the engines and coaches went over.

The Horrible Scenes at the Wreck of the Excursion Train.

FOREST, Ill., Aug. 12.—A special to the Chicago *Times* says: All railway horrors in the history of this country were surpassed three miles east of Chatsworth, when an excursion train on the Toledo, Peoria & Western road dropped through a burning bridge. Over one hundred people were killed and four times that number more or less badly injured. The train was composed of six sleepers, day coaches, chair cars and three baggage. It was carrying 660 passengers, all excursionists, and was bound for Niagara Falls.

The train had been made up all along the line of the Toledo, Peoria & Western road, and the excursionists hailed from various points in Central Illinois, the bulk of them, however, coming from Peoria. Some of the passengers came from Canton, from Elpass, Washington, and in fact from all stations along the line, some from as far west as Burlington, Iowa, and Keokuk. A special cheap rate had been made for the excursion and all sorts of people took advantage of it.

When the train drew out of Peoria at 8 o'clock, it was loaded to its utmost capacity. Every berth in the sleeper was taken, and the day cars carried 60 people each. The train was so heavy that two engines were hitched to it, and when it passed this place it was an hour and a half behind time.

Chatsworth, the next station east of here, is six miles off, and the run there was made in seven minutes. The terrible momentum of those fifteen coaches with two heavy engines shooting through space at the rate of a mile a minute, can be understood. No stop was made at Chatsworth, and on and on the heavy train, with its living freight, sped through the darkness of the night. Three miles east of Chatsworth is a little slough, where the railroad track crosses a dry run about ten feet deep and fifteen wide. Over this was stretched an ordinary wooden trestle bridge, and as the excursion train came thundering down on it, what was the horror of the engineer on the front engine when he saw that this bridge was on fire

Right up before his eyes leaped bright flames and the next instant he was among them. There was no chance to stop. Had there been warning it would have taken half a mile at least to stop that on-rushing mass of wood, iron and humanity, and the train was within one hundred yards of the red-tongued messengers of death before they flashed their fatal signals into the engineer's face.

But he passed over in safety, the first engine keeping the rails. As it went over the bridge fell beneath it, and it could only have been the terrific speed of the train which saved the lives of the engineer and fireman.

But the next engine went down, and instantly

THE DEED OF DEATH WAS DONE

Car crashed into car, coaches piled one on top of another, and in the twinkling of an eye nearly one hundred people found instant death and fifty more were so hurt they could not live.

As for the wounded they were everywhere. Only the sleeping coaches escaped, and as the startled, half-dressed passengers came tumbling out of them they found such a scene of death that is rarely witnessed—such work to do—that it seemed as if human hands were utterly incapable.

It lacked but five minutes of midnight. Down in the ditch lay the second engine—Engineer McClintock dead and Fireman Applegate badly injured. On top were piled three baggage cars, one on top of the other, like a child's card house after he had swept it with his hand. Then comes six day coaches—they were telescoped as cars never were before, and three of them were pressed into

JUST SPACE ENOUGH FOR ONE.

The second car had bounded off its trucks and crushed through the car ahead of it, crushing wood work aside like tinder, and lay there resting on the tops of the seats, while every passenger in the front car was laying dead and dying underneath.

Out of that car but four people came out alive. On top of the second car lay the third, and although the latter did not cover its bearer as completely as that beneath, its bottom was smeared with the blood of its victims.

The other three cars were not so badly crushed, but they were broken and twisted in every conceivable way, and every crushed timber and beam represented a crushed human frame and broken bones.

Instantly the air was filled with the cries of the wounded and

THE SHRIEKS OF THOSE ABOUT TO DIE.

The groans of men and the screams of women united to make an appalling sound. Above all could be heard the agonizing cries of little children as, in some instances, they lay pinned alongside their dead parents.

And there was another terrible danger yet to be met. The bridge was still burning, and the wrecked cars were laying on and around the fiercely burning embers. Everywhere in the wreck were wounded and unhurt men, women and children, whose lives could be saved if they could be gotten out, but whose death (and death in its most horrible form) was certain if the twisted wood of the broken cars caught fire.

And to fight the fire, there was not a drop of water, and only some fifty able-bodied men who had still presence of mind and nerve enough to do their duty.

The only light was the light of the burning bridge, and with so much of its aid the fifty men went to work to subdue it. For four hours they

FOUGHT LIKE FIENDS,

and for four hours victory hung in the balance. Earth was the only weapon with which the fire could be fought, and the attempt was made to smother it out.

There was no pick or shovel to dig it up, no baskets or barrows to carry it in, and so, desperate, they dug their fingers down into the earth, which the long drouth had baked almost as hard as stone, and heaped the precious handfuls, thus hardily won, upon the encroaching flames, and with this earthwork, built handful by handful, kept back the fire.

While this was going on other brave men crept underneath the wrecked cars, beneath the fire and wooden bars which held the unfortunate, and with axes, with pieces of board and sometimes their hands, beat back the flames when they flashed up along the side of some unfortunate wretch who, pinned down by a heavy beam, looked on hopelessly while it seemed as if his death by fire was certain.

And while the fight was thus going on, the ears of the workers were filled

WITH THE GROANS OF DYING MEN

and the anguished entreaties of those whose death seemed certain unless the terrible blaze could be extinguished, and the cries of those too badly hurt to care in what manner the end were brought about so only it would be quick.

So they dug up earth with their hands, reckless of the blood streaming out from broken finger-nails, and heaping it up in little mounds, while all the while came the pleading cry, "For God's sake, don't let us burn to death!" But finally the victory was won. The fire was out after four hours of endeavor, and as its last spark died away light came up in the east to take their place and dawn came upon the scene of horror.

While the fight had been going on men had been dying, and there were not so many wounded to take out of the wreck as there had been four hours before.

But in the meantime the country had been aroused. Help had come from Chatsworth, Forest and Piper City, and as the dead were laid reverently alongside of each other out in the cornfield, there were ready hands along the line of Chatsworth, while some of the wounded were carried to Piper City.

ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTEEN

was an awful roll of the dead while the wounded numbers four times that number. The full tale of the dead cannot, however, be told yet for days.

Chatsworth was turned into a morgue. The town hall, engine house and depot were all full of dead bodies, while every house in the little village had its quota of wounded.

There were over 100 corpses lying in extemporized dead houses, and every man and woman was turned into an amateur but zealous nurse. Over in the lumber yard the noise of hammers and saws rang out in the air, and in it busy

CARPENTERS WERE MAKING ROUGH COFFINS

to carry to their homes the dead bodies of the excursionists, who, twelve hours before, had left their homes full of pleasurable expectations of the enjoyments they were going to have during the vacation which had begun.

When the news of the disaster was first flashed over the wires, prompt aid was at once sent. Dr. Steele, chief surgeon of the Toledo, Peoria & Western railroad, had come on at once in a special train, and with him were two other surgeons and their assistants.

From Peoria also came Drs. Martin, Baker, Flagleere and Johnson. From every city whence the unfortunate excursionists had come, their physicians and friends hurried to help them.

From Peoria, had also come delegations of Red Men and the Ancient Order of United Workmen, members of both societies being on the ill-fated train, and so after 8 o'

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

Parnell has had a relapse.

The cholera is spreading in Italy.

Nashville and Knoxville want Grover to visit them.

Medical congress meets in Washington in September.

The Bulgarian government is buying horses for the army.

Mrs. Cleveland still having a good time at New Bedford, Mass.

Two new cases of fever reported and three deaths at Key West.

Harvest hands are in demand in Dakota at from $2 to $2.50 per day.

James Schenck, 40, and Hattie Paxon, 17, of Buffalo, eloped to Canada.

The experimental mobilization of the French army begins September 6.

Natural gas and high-grade oil have been discovered near Kankakee, Ill.

The Venetian gondoliers have struck against the introduction of a night service.

San Francisco's Produce Exchange has not opened up since the high wheat crush.

Miss Mary Snyder of Columbia, Pa., has just died after an illness of 75 years' duration.

King Humbert is sounding the Vatican to see if the Pope would accept a jubilee present from him.

Official returns from all Kentucky counties except five give Buckner a majority of about 13,000.

Prof. Alphonse King crossed the Niagara river at the suspension bridge on his new water bicycle.

The French agents in Bulgaria have been instructed to avoid all intercourse with Prince Ferdinand and his government.

The English cabinet meeting adjourned until next week without coming to any definite conclusion in regard to proclaiming the Irish national league.

Prof. Tolbert went up 1,000 feet in a balloon at Culloon, Ill., on Saturday, caught five, but the professor escaped without serious injury.

Two petards were exploded at Madrid on the staircase of the building occupied by the Minister of the Interior. No damage was done. The perpetrators of the outrage are unknown.

Clearing house reports from 36 leading American cities show a decrease in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati and smaller cities, in all nine, to a total of $807,-381,347; outside of New York, $382,608,902.

United States Senator Riddleberger was committed to jail and fined $25 by Judge Newman, at Woodstock, Va., for contempt of court. A placard was paraded on the street reflecting on Judge Newman in a case in which Riddleberger was interested.

The President has appointed Rev. W. J. Cleveland and Henry T. Stanton, of Kentucky, commission to appraise and allot certain lands in the Umatilla reservation belonging to the confederated bands of Cayuser, Walla Walla and Umatilla Indians.

A statement prepared at the treasury department to show the status of the 3 per cent. loans makes the following exhibit: Total amount of the loan, $30,500,581,250; redeemed under calls, $299,475,650; purchased, $3,322,200; called and outstanding, $2,778,150.

The secretary of the interior has revoked the order withdrawing the indemnity lands from the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad company, and in a long letter to the commissioner of the general land office, directs that they may be restored to settlement under the pre-emption and homestead law.

Parsons, Kas., denies the report sent out from there about damaging drouth. Prominent citizens have written to the BLADE, stating that they have had rain, and that nearly all the early planted corn, especially on bottom lands, will be almost a full crop. No one thought of harvesting only for fodder."

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The statement prepared by the Treasury department shows that the cost of silver bullion purchased by the Treasury for the coinage of silver dollars during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1887, was $24,563,615, while the cost of bullion delivered on purchases was $24,649,-342; cost of silver bullion consumed in dollar coinage during the same period was $25,349,-274; number of silver dollars coined, $33,266,-831.

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Some of these bones have been hung up on the fence of the common, where they are the subject of scurrilous jests, and are pointed out by the conductors of horse-cars to the passers-by. As near as can be learned at the present time, four or five skulls, all in a good state of preservation, have been thrown out.

A workman named Dolan sold one of the skulls to a young man for five cents this morning, who said he was a Harvard medical student. Another skull was carried off in triumph by a horse car conductor. The others have disappeared, but one of the workmen promised to sell the next one found to the *Record* reporter.

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HIS MAJESTY, MYSELF.

Programme of the President for His Western and Southern Tour.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 12.—It is about definitely determined that the President will leave Washington the last week in September and go directly to St. Louis, probably by the way of Indianapolis. He will spend two days at St. Louis, and go from there to Chicago, Milwaukee, Madison, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha, Kansas City, Memphis, Nashville, and Atlanta, reaching the latter place in time to meet his engagement of October 18. He will go by the ordinary lines of travel between the places named, and as his fixed appointments will preclude any divergence from the route to visit other cities all invitations outside of it will have to be declined.

Boulanger on Katkoff.

PARIS, Aug. 11.—Gen. Boulanger sent a telegram of condolence to Madame Katkoff on the death of her husband. He added that his military duties prevented him from attending the funeral.

THE CROPS.

The Weather Bureau and the Farmers, Review on the Subject.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 15.—The temperature has been from two to three degrees below the normal on the Atlantic coast and is warmer from three to five degrees in the region from Texas northward to Nebraska the excess is from five to nine degrees. In California the daily average is three to seven degrees below the normal. The average temperature for the season from January 1 to August 13, is in excess from the Alleghenies westward to the Rockies. The daily average excess in this region ranging from one to four degrees. Seasonal temperature has been in excess in the middle Atlantic states and Southern New England, but at all other Atlantic coasts and from Lake Superior westward to the Pacific coast the average temperature has been slightly below the normal.

The rainfall has been slightly in excess in the drouth region in the northern Illinois, southern Wisconsin, southern Michigan, eastern Kansas, Nebraska, and southern Minnesota. This morning general rains are reported in the drouth region from Missouri and Iowa eastward to Ohio. In all other sections the rainfall is less than usual, except in the eastern cotton region, eastern Virginia and in the southern portions of Alabama and Mississippi, where the rainfall for the week has been slightly in excess. The large seasonal deficiency in the rainfall previously reported in the western portion or the cotton region and in the corn belt from Ohio westward to Iowa and Nebraska continues, although this has been reduced this deficiency in the northern portion of the corn belt.

During the past four week less than 85 per cent. of the usual rainfall occurred in southern central Illinois, western Kentucky, southern Missouri and Arkansas. There were less than 50 per cent. of the usual rainfall in the states in the upper Mississippi valley and the greater portion of the rain reported in this section for the month fell this week.

In western Minnesota, Dakota, Nebraska and generally in the states on the Atlantic coast there has been an excess in the rainfall during the past month.

General remarks—The drouth previously reported in the corn belt has been followed by general rains. The conditions existing this morning indicate that they will continue in this section, but reports from Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Nebraska and Kansas, state that rains came too late to cause material improvements in the already injured crops.

The weather has been generally favorable for all crops in the states on the Atlantic coast, from Georgia to New England. Reports from Mississippi, Arkansas and Alabama indicate that the weather for the week has been favorable for the cotton crop, although the crops need more rain in portions of Tennessee and Arkansas. Less than 50 per cent. of the usual amount of rain was reported in the tobacco regions in Kentucky and West Tennessee during the past few weeks. During the same period in Virginia over 75 per cent. of the usual amount of rain occurred, and in North Carolina, Pennsylvania and Connecticut the rainfall for the month was largely in excess.

CHICAGO, Aug. 15.—The *Farmer's Review* says: The copious rains throughout the west last week were refreshing to pastures and invigorating to growing crops, but too late to materially benefit corn, and that nearly all the early planted corn, especially on bottom lands, will be almost a full crop. No one thought of harvesting only for fodder."

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A LITTLE HERO.

Dan Wilcox Saves a Girl Companion from Drowning at Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 16.—Little 7 year-old Dan Wilcox, who lives near the levee, and spends much of his time in the water as a duck, proved himself a hero this evening. He had taken a girl companion out of his own age in a small boat sailing, when their boat was capsized by the waves of a passing steamer, and both were thrown into the water. The little girl went down, and would have been lost but for Dan, who caught her just in time, swam with her to a rope from some barges, and holding her head out water, sang out for help. His 70 year old grandmother heard him, and putting out in a boat, rescued them just before Dan was completely exhausted.

COMMERCIAL UNION.

The Question Being Thoroughly Agitated in the Canadian Northwest.

WINNIPEG, Man., Aug. 16.—A public meeting was held here last night to discuss commercial union with the United States. It was a thoroughly representative gathering of the commercial interests of the Canadian northwest. The chief speaker was Prof. Goldwin Smith, of Toronto, who said he believed that in time, if tariff were removed, the Canadian northwest would find a market for its wheat in American cities in place of in England.

Enthusiastic speeches in favor of closer commercial relations with the states were made by prominent citizens and the meeting was unanimously in favor in this view.

A FEMALE MISER.

Death of a Female Beggar Worth a Small Fortune.

BOSTON, Aug. 16.—From a beggarly little room at the rear of No. 71, Albany street, Mrs. Mary Smith was removed to the city hospital, one night where she died before morning. She was 76 years old, and without doubt, the most raggedly dressed woman in Boston. Her apartment was miserably filthy, and her clothes were little better than old rags, kept together by strings.

Mrs. Smith was a professional beggar and it was while imping about on her daily round in search of charity that she was knocked down and run over by a careless butcher boy at the corner of Howard and Hudson streets. Somebody removed her to her home and notified the police and had her taken to the City hospital. She was not badly hurt, but her advanced years and her enfeebled condition resulting from long years of privation could not withstand the shock.

Before she died she said something about her money, and asked that Lawyer Charles Colbeth be notified. The hospital attendants believed the poor creature was wandering in her mind. This morning, however, werd was sent to the lawyer, when they were surprised to hear that the old woman had recently made a will and was worth several thousand dollars.

The police were notified and an officer detailed to search the miserly lodgings. Opening the door of the old woman's room, a foul odor greeted him and a dozen rats disappeared leisurely into their holes. The officer began his search by ripping open the first of the two old mattresses, when, to his surprise, several handfuls of gold and silver coins rattled down on the floor. The saw dust, chips, and husks with which the mattress was stuffed, were poured out into a pile beside the bed.

Scattered among this chaff was a hatful of bank notes. Officer Franks poked over the pile, and saw that many of the bills were rolled up into wads and tied with greasy strings. He cut those with his knife, and counting the wealth, found $630. On the wall over the bed hung an old petticoat. Mechanically thrusting his hand into the pocket, he drew out a hard rag. Opening this, $70 in bills lay in his hand. On a peg near by was another petticoat.

As the officer grasped it to replace it on the hook he felt many hard lumps of something inside the lining. Cutting the threads with his knife, a little bag dropped out and $6 in small silver coins rolled off on the floor. Inside the door another dirty article of apparel hung. It was searched, and in the lining was found secreted a large pocketbook. Sewed into this were bills of various denominations amounting to $70.

On the floor lay a mattress black with filth and rolled up and tied with a piece of clothesline. Inside this and wrapped carefully in a dozen newspapers was a package of United States government bonds of the issue of 1887, bearing 4 per cent. interest and amounting in value to $6000. Down in a corner of the Franklin Savings bank, each showing a deposit of $1,000.

Continuing the search, a black dress was found, and in various parts of the lining were found, sewed in separately, $15 in bills and silver. In a bureau was found $150 in gold. The entire amount of money and bonds amounted to between $6,000 and 7,000, which was turned over to the police authorities.

THEY FED ON BERRIES.

Terrible Sufferings of an Irish Immigrant and His Wife in New Jersey.

NEW YORK, Aug. 16.—On the western outskirts of Newark is a considerable tract covered with underbrush and stunted trees. On Tuesday Capt. Glori, of the Fourth precinct, was informed that a man and woman had been wandering around in this tract for several days and sleeping under the trees at night. Capt. Glori sent word to police headquarters, and an ambulance was sent out from there.

Driver Hagur found the couple without any trouble. The young woman was picking berries and the man was trying to mend one of her shoes with a piece of bord. They were induced to go to police headquarters. There the man said that he was John Boyle and that the young woman was his wife, whom he married in Ireland last winter. He brought her to this country in April, and found temporary employment in Jersey City.

When he lost his job last week he went to Newark, and, failing to find employment, was obliged to take to the woods and subsist on berries. His wife, who is only 18 years old, was ill, and he did not dare to leave her, so they slept under the trees for several nights.

The woman was quite weak and was about to become a mother. They were allowed to sleep at police headquarters until yesterday morning, when a collection was taken up to furnish them with food and clothes, and admission to a hospital was procured for the young woman. Boyle said he could easily get along if his wife were temporarily provided for, and he started out to seek employment.

VIRGINIA REPUBLICANS.

Senator Mahone and a Committee to Make a Platform.

PETERSBURG, Va., Aug. 11.—The Republican State committee, with a number of leading Republicans met in conference in Senator Mahone's residence last night, and were in session all night discussing the situation and subject of address to the people of the state. Favorable reports were made from different districts as to the condition of the party. The conference adjourned this morning, having delegated to Gen. Mahone and a committee the duty of preparing an address embodying the platform of principles.

This address not yet been made public, but it is understood to arraign the Democratic legislature for the failure to settle the debt question; to declare the ability of the Republican party, if restored to power, to settle the debt satisfactorily.

It also arraigns the Democratic party of the country for its failure to abolish the tobacco tax, to pass the Blair bill and for other alleged short comings.

RIVERS AND HARBORS.

The Estimates Submitted by Capt. D. W. Lockwood.

WASHINGTON, Aug 11.—Capt. D.W. Lockwood, United States engineer, submits the following estimates for rivers and harbors improvent, next fiscal year:

Michigan City, Ind., outer harbor	$250,000
South Haven, Mich., outer	40,000
St. Joseph, Mich., outer	41,015
Saugatuck, Mich., outer	40,000
Black Lake, Mich., outer	15,000
Grand Haven, Mich., outer	150,000
Muskegon, Mich., outer	100,000
White River, Mich., outer	50,000
Pentwater Harbor, Mich., outer	40,000
Ludington Harbor, Mich., outer	250,000
Manistee Harbor, Mich., outer	50,000
Harbor of Refuge, Portage Lake, Mich., outer	150,000
Frankfort Harbor, Mich., outer	50,000
Charlevoix Harbor, outer	50,000

THE LAST OF THE CLAYS.

His Sudden Death in Ludington, Ky., Yesterday.

LUDINGTON, Ky., Aug. 11.—John M. Clay, the only remaining son of Henry Clay, died at his farm near this city to-day, at 3 o'clock. He left the city at 1 o'clock in his usual health, going home, and after arriving went out to superintend repairs on a pump. While giving instructions to the workmen he fell dead without premonition, heart disease. Mr. Clay was 67 years old.

He had no children. He was married about twenty years ago to his nephew's widow, Mrs. Colonel Irwin. Colonel Irwin was killed at the battle of Perryville while in command of a Confederate regiment.

John Clay possessed but few of the characteristics of his illustrious father, being a plain farmer, devoting much of his time to raising thoroughbred horses.

Cutting off the Spending Money of the Hawaiian Monark.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 11.—The steamship Australia arrived from Honolulu, bringing advices from that kingdom down to August 2. No disturbance of any kind reported. The new ministry are in complete control and the chief interest centers in the first election under the constitution. The new constitution party has already held a number the caucuses and placed in nomination candidates for nobles and representatives.

Of the nominations thus far made nearly all are men of property and old residents of the island, but generally of American birth or parentage. A King's chamberlain has issued public notice that after August 1 no debts on account of his majesty, King Kalakana and the royal household, will be recognized unless authorized in writing by the chamberlain.

Cleveland Can Not Wait Till Next Decoration Day to Try His Luck.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 11.—[Special wire.]—There appears to be no doubt that the President will enjoy a few days more fishing before the season closes. Within the past week arrangements have been practically concluded for himself and Col. Lamont to spend the last week in August fishing in West Virginia.

On this occasion the two gentlemen will be guests of Senator Kenna. It is probable that Commissioner of Internal Revenue Miller, who is now spending his vacation is West Virginia, will also join the party.

TOO HIGH-STRUNG.

Why Pretty Phoebe Woodman Left the Poet's House.

DANVERS, Mass., Aug. 10.—The return on Sunday of Miss Woodman, the adopted daughter of Mrs. C. C. Woodman, a cousin to the Poet Whittier, has caused as much comment as did her mysterious disappearance on July 28. To ascertain the reason of her disappearance a reporter called on her yesterday. He was received by the young lady's mother, who, in the course of conversation, said: "By the publication of this affair certain facts which we wished to deep to ourselves and from the young lady have become known, and I will not deny the statement made as to her romantic life.

"It is true she is an adopted daughter, but has always been the idol of the household and a great favorite of the poet. She was accustomed to go to him with her imagined girlish griefs, and he was ready to give her counsel. I much regret his absence from home at this time, for I know if he had been here the affair would never have happened. Her high-strung and restless disposition got the better of her this time, but not from a desire to do wrong. The fact that she is an adopted child had only been known to her a short time, which might account for the state of her mind."

A former employe of the estate and somewhat a favorite of Miss Phoebe, said:

"To be frank, I was not at all surprised at Miss Phoebe's conduct. I have often heard her say, speaking of the old folks, that she would be rid of them some time. She became of age in a few months, and it was her intention to go away then. The fact that she was an adopted daughter had only been known to her a short time and continually worried her, but in any case she is not to be blamed."

Inquiry about town elicited in substance the same reply.

THE GLENN BILL.

It Received a Strong Protest from the Black Man in the North.

ATLANTA, Ga., Aug 10.—[Special wire.]—Governor Gordon received yesterday a set of resolutions adopted by a mass-meeting of Boston colored men, denouncing in strong language the Glenn bill and its supporters. Col. Glenn, the author of the measure, also received copies of the resolution. Last night he was asked what he thought of the resolutions, and he replied: "I can only say that, so far as the Boston resolutions are concerned, they are conclusive evidence of the absolute demand for the passage of the bill now pending.

"A member of the Massachusetts board of education was one of the speakers. One of the trustees of the Atlanta university was also one of the speakers. A lawyer named Walker advised the use of dynamite. The resolutions need no reply except a rigid adherence by the state to her policy.

"Her honor, the fame of her governor and the majesty of her right to control herself are involved. We deny no right, we recognize the equality of all men before the law, we give the same advantages to all men, but only ask that a line of separation be drawn between the races.

"We can pardon many men who do not know our surroundings, and the resolutions, outside of the sentiment they show to exist, need no reply except to meet the further spread of ideas antagonistic to our state by such legislation as may be necessary. So far as I am able to observe there has not issued from the press of Boston one word of disapprobation of the measure. I wonder it it represents the progress, the culture and the learning of that city?"

PENITENTIARY FOR LIFE.

Alf McCoy Sentenced at Portsmouth for the Murder of Dr. Northup.

PORTSMOUTH, O., Aug. 10.—The trial of J. D. Craig, one of the jurors in the Alf McCoy murder case, and who was arrested for perjury at the time that trial, was begun here. Yesterday afternoon Judge Dever overruled the motion for a new trial in Alf McCoy's case, and sentenced him to imprisonment for life.

The case of Pierson McCoy for complicity in the murder of Dr. Northup has been postponed until October 24 next.

The Younger McCoy Boys Released from Prison.

PORTSMOUTH, O., Aug. 11.—James and Tom McCoy have been released on bail. The McCoys are jubilant this evening, and make no pains to conceal it. They think that Pierson's continuance and the releasing of Jim and Tom on bail are signs of victory for them. The feeling against them is exceedingly bitter.

There is strong talk at Haverhill of a lynching party, and it is rumored that an organization has been formed to lynch all the McCoy boys. This feeling is greatly shared by the people of this place, but as yet there has been no expressed purposes by any of the citizens. The citizens have resolved that the McCoys nor none of their relations will be allowed to reopen the saloon at Haverhill.

ADMIRAL LUCE'S RESIGNATION.

It Seems Agreed That He Will Retire From the North Atlantic.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 16.—The *Herald*, of this city, publishes the following: "Secretary Whitney received yesterday afternoon a dispatch from Admiral Luce, stating that he be detached from command, naming a date, but at the same time leaving the matter entirely in the hands of Secretary Whitney.

There does not seem to be any doubt among naval officers seen last night but what the secretary will act promptly in the matter, and that Admiral Luce will be relieved from the command of the squadron. Commodore Walker, who has been Chief of the Bureau of Navigation for some time, is quite likely to succeed Admiral Luce, and already there are lots of speculations as to who will be successor of the popular commander should the secretary decide to make a change in the bureau.

In answer to inquiries about Admiral Luce's request to be detached a statement was authorized "that it is not true that Secretary Whitney has received any such dispatch; but there is something in connection with these matters which will be given out to-morrow."

MURDER IN HIS HEART.

Even the Children Resort to the Shot Gun When They Get Angry.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Aug. 16.—[Special wire.]—A peculiar murder was committed in Lancaster county, yesterday, by an 8-year old boy, Roper. He and his sister and another girl about 3 years of age were eating watermelon. They had a dispute, and the boy being angry, while the girls had their backs turned, he reached down an old double-barreled gun, cocked it, and approached them in an angry manner, saying he was going to kill them both.

He aimed the gun at the girls, but he was hardly able to hold it up and before he could shoot his sister caught him by the arm and begged him not to kill her.

The boy finally agreed to put the gun up, but while doing so, either by accident or purposely, he discharged the weapon, which was heavily loaded with buckshot. The charge passed through his sister's arm and took effect in the breast of the other girl, Alice Huey, killing her instantly.

The sister is badly wounded but may recover with the loss of an arm. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of accidental homicide.

FLEEING FROM THE INDIANS.

Every Evidence that Another Outbreak is Well Under Way.

GRAND JUNCTION, Col., Aug. 16.—[Special wire.]—The manager of the Philadelphia Cattle company came in yesterday from the White river. He says some white men met the couriers from Colorow's camp to the Unitah reservation below Pangely, and the Indians forced them back and drove them before them at full speed.

The Dreker brothers and other cattle men are riding night and day, gathering up their cattle and hurrying them from the White River range. All settlers in that locality have been warned by white couriers to leave, and they are abandoning everything to get away before the Indians can arrive from the reservation.

COMMENCED THE ATTACK.

Preparing to Repel the Utes in Bloody Contest at Meeker City.

RAWLINS, Wy., Aug. 16.—[Special wire.] A messenger has just arrived from White River, Col., who reports that about 150 Utes are fighting at Beaver Creek, fifteen miles from Meeker. Families are rushing into Meeker and more Indians are coming. The country is all on fire below Meeker, between the White and Bear rivers.

Mr. Golden, the messenger, is very trustworthy. One hundred men are ready and will march on the Utes. Women are making bandages, and the town is thoroughly excited.

A Russian Expedition.

ST. PETERSBURG, Aug. 11.—The firm of Kudrin & Co. has equipped and started for Central Asia an expedition, which will establish cotton plantations and make an analysis of the soils of Turkestan and the Transcasyian territories.

Ives Has Failed.

NEW YORK, Aug. 11.—Ives & Co. have suspended. Liabilities, $20,000,000; assets about the same.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

A Thousand Houses Burned and Much Desolation Reported.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Aug. 16.—The fire at Scutari has been extinguished. One thousand houses and two churches were destroyed. Two women and a child were burned to death. Thousands of persons are Homeless. The Sultan has donated £3,000 for the sufferers and has appointed a relief committee.

Ferdinand's Manifesto.

WIDDEN, Aug. 12.—Prince Ferdinand has issued a manifesto, in which he says: "Having been elected sovereign of the Bulgarian people, I consider it my sacred duty to set foot at the earliest possible moment on my new country, in order to devote my life to the happiness, greatness and progress of a loving people. I am convinced that they will support my endeavors to realize a glorious future for Bulgaria."

The Sultan Recognizes Ferdinand.

TIRNOVA, Aug. 16.—M. Vuleovitch telegraphs to the government from Constantinople that the sultan recognizes Prince Ferdinand's election, but that, as the prince did not first obtain the sultan's consent, the latter will maintain his present attitude for a certain period.

A Banquet to Ferdinand.

TIRNOVA, Aug. 16.—The garrison gave a banquet yesterday in honor of Prince Ferdinand. In reply to a toast, the prince expressed his devotion to Bulgaria and promised that he would preserve, intact, everything with which the name of Prince Alexander was connected in view of the fact of Bulgaria's love for its late ruler.

Prince Ferdinand afterward reviewed the troops.

The Northwich Elections.

LONDON, Aug. 16.—The *Daily News*, referring to the Northwich election, says: Seldom has any government, a year after its formation, met with such an emphatic rebuff.

The *Morning Post* is depressed over the result, and urges the Conservatives to effect a better organization. It refuses to believe that the country is changing its mind in regard to home rule.

A Frenchman Under Arrest.

METZ, Aug. 16.—It is reported here that M. Jenot, a French professor, connected with the Lyceum at Nancy, was arrested yesterday morning at Fort Alvensleben, on suspicion of being a spy, and lodged in prison to await an inquiry.

Radical French Newspapers Favor an Alliance with Russia.

PARIS, Aug. 11.—The radical newspapers here violently criticise the pro-Bismarckian policy of Signor Crespi, the new Italian premier, and urge French to ally herself firmly with Russia. By doing which, they say, she will be enabled to dispise the central European alliance.

The Hawaiian Affair.

LONDON, Aug 12.—In the House of Commons yesterday afternoon Sir J Fergussen, parliament secretary for the foreign office, said the government had no information in reference to the rumor that the new Hawaiian ministry had refused to recognize as valid the £2,000,000 loan contracted by the late premier.

THE CRUISERS.

Grover had to say a Word before the Contracts were Let.

WASHINGTON Aug. 16—The bid of the Union Iron Works of San Francisco was the subject of correspondence between Secretary Whitney and the President. The bid of Cramp & Sons for cruiser 4 or 5 was $1,410,000, that of the Union Iron Works was $1,428,000. The secretary left it to the President whether the bid of the Union Iron Works is a fair price for the work.

In response to the letter of the secretary the President made the following reply:

"Under the provisions of the act of Congress granting the construction of the ships herein referred to, which act requires that one of said ships should be built on the coast of the Pacific ocean, or the waters connected therewith, unless the same cannot be there constructed at a fair cost, and the bid of the Union works of San Francisco being within $1,500 of that of the bid for the ship to be constructed according to the plans of the Navy department, which sum of $18,000 not more than cover the difference against the Pacific coast of the cost of necessary transportation of materials, and the bid by said company not appearing to be in excess of that fair cost of said ship, I do hereby, pursuant to said statute, and in accordance with the manifest intention of Congress in the premises, authorize and direct that the contract for the construction of the ship within named to be built according to the plans of the Navy department, be given to the said The Union Iron Works of San Francisco.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

WHITES IN ARMS.

A Villainous Article in a Black Man's Paper Calls for a Protest.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Aug. 16.—[Special wire.]—Popular indignation against an article in the *Herald*, a weekly paper edited by a colored man named Jesse Dukes, reached a climax here yesterday. The article came out Saturday and is as follows:

Every day or so we read of the lynching of some negro for outraging some white woman. Why is it that white women attract negro men now more than in former days? There was a time when such a thing was not heard of.

There is a secret to this thing, and we greatly suspect it is the growing appreciation of the white Juliet for the colored Romeo, as he becomes more and more intelligent and polished from the command of the squadron. Commodore Walker, who has been Chief of the Bureau of Navigation for some time, is quite likely to succeed Admiral Luce, and already there are lots of speculations as to who will be successor of the popular commander should the secretary decide to make a change in the bureau.

In answer to inquiries about Admiral Luce's request to be detached a statement was authorized "that it is not true that Secretary Whitney has received any such dispatch; but there is something in connection with these matters which will be given out to-morrow."

MURDER IN HIS HEART.

Even the Children Resort to the Shot Gun When They Get Angry.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Aug. 16.—[Special wire.]—A peculiar murder was committed in Lancaster county, yesterday, by an 8-year old boy, Roper. He and his sister and another girl about 3 years of age were eating watermelon. They had a dispute, and the boy being angry, while the girls had their backs turned, he reached down an old double-barreled gun, cocked it, and approached them in an angry manner, saying he was going to kill them both.

He aimed the gun at the girls, but he was hardly able to hold it up and before he could shoot his sister caught him by the arm and begged him not to kill her.

The boy finally agreed to put the gun up, but while doing so, either by accident or purposely, he discharged the weapon, which was heavily loaded with buckshot. The charge passed through his sister's arm and took effect in the breast of the other girl, Alice Huey, killing her instantly.

The sister is badly wounded but may recover with the loss of an arm. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of accidental homicide.

FLEEING FROM THE INDIANS.

Every Evidence that Another Outbreak is Well Under Way.

GRAND JUNCTION, Col., Aug. 16.—[Special wire.]—The manager of the Philadelphia Cattle company came in yesterday from the White river. He says some white men met the couriers from Colorow's camp to the Unitah reservation below Pangely, and the Indians forced them back and drove them before them at full speed.

The Dreker brothers and other cattle men are riding night and day, gathering up their cattle and hurrying them from the White River range. All settlers in that locality have been warned by white couriers to leave, and they are abandoning everything to get away before the Indians can arrive from the reservation.

COMMENCED THE ATTACK.

Preparing to Repel the Utes in Bloody Contest at Meeker City.

RAWLINS, Wy., Aug. 16.—[Special wire.] A messenger has just arrived from White River, Col., who reports that about 150 Utes are fighting at Beaver Creek, fifteen miles from Meeker. Families are rushing into Meeker and more Indians are coming. The country is all on fire below Meeker, between the White and Bear rivers.

Mr. Golden, the messenger, is very trustworthy. One hundred men are ready and will march on the Utes. Women are making bandages, and the town is thoroughly excited.

A Russian Expedition.

ST. PETERSBURG, Aug. 11.—The firm of Kudrin & Co. has equipped and started for Central Asia an expedition, which will establish cotton plantations and make an analysis of the soils of Turkestan and the Transcasyian territories.

Ives Has Failed.

NEW YORK, Aug. 11.—Ives & Co. have suspended. Liabilities, $20,000,000; assets about the same.

PLEADING FOR HELP.

The Terrible Condition of the Labrador People Must be Known.

NEW YORK, Aug. 16.—[Special wire.]—A resident of Labrador, writing to the *Herald* under date of August 12, says:

It would be criminal for any government to endeavor to hide from the outside world the true condition of the people here. If the Arctic winter once more closes in around them and the ice barrier shuts off, for eight months, all communication with the outside world before assistance comes, starvation and death are inevitable, and, I fear, we shall have repeated, on a larger scale, the story of the Greely expedition.

JAKE SHARP.

He Continues to be a Very Sick Man—In a Trance.

NEW YORK, Aug. 12.—The condition of Jacob Sharp this morning was worse than at any time since his incarceration in Ludlow street jail. When he awoke to-day he was unable to move, and lay on his bed like one in a trance. Every bone